

THE GRAIL



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In the Next Issue

In the January issue Father Paschal Boland, O.S.B. will record the highlights of the First American National Pilgrimage to Fatima last October. Father Paschal spent a week in Portugal, a week in Spain, a week in Rome, and a week in France. While in Rome he had an audience with the Holy Father who bestowed a special blessing on the subscribers and readers of THE GRAIL.

THE GRAIL

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Between the Lines

Our Nation's Health

BEFORE too long a national public health set-up will be established. Both major political parties have national health programs. Bills proposing various kinds of programs have been submitted to the last several Congresses. While the subject is still largely in the talking stage, we may expect something definite before the new administration finishes its term. Public interest in the matter began in a heavy way when the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill was introduced to Congress. Polls of public sentiment taken then showed that the public stood just about 50-50 for and against that bill, even though it proposed a system which would be largely controlled and operated by the government.

The Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill failed of passage largely because of its several weaknesses. Many who favor national public health measures opposed that particular bill because they believed it to be too socialistic. During the last Congress, the Taft health measure drew sharp criticism because it was not sufficiently comprehensive in its scope. While no bill yet proposed has aroused a majority sentiment in favor of it, nevertheless these various proposals taken together have served a useful purpose. For one thing, they have aroused public discussion.



H. C. McGINNIS

They have also been the media through which the public is crystallizing its preferences concerning public health measures.

The writer believes that the possible danger in any national health program which may be adopted in the near future may arise from its attempts to be too comprehensive. Should it penetrate deeply into the operation of medicine and then fail through poor planning or mismanagement, it could easily strike a dangerous blow to the nation's

health. For example, the British system of public health has not improved that nation's health condition as expected. In pre-war Germany, state-controlled medicine caused a considerable return of childhood diseases which previously had been practically stamped out. In New Zealand, while that government's program of public health measures did produce a betterment in conditions, it was soon seen that it was far too costly for the results obtained. In Australia the result was similar. Since more than 40 countries have set up some form of public health program, and since extremely few have obtained the results expected, it would seem wise for our own nation to establish its system piece-meal, rather than to start out with a grandiose one.

The Christian Democracy Movement has a public health program which it will offer to the public when the proper time arrives. One of its chief features is the development of preventive medicine under government auspices. At present, only about 3% of our national medical bill is spent on preventive medicine. We seem to be locking the stable door after the horse is gone. A national program of preventive medicine, operated by the federal government, would do much to remedy this error.

The main reason why preventive medicine receives so little attention is the cost. Records show that in prosperous times the nation's people receive somewhat near the medical attention they require. When times are not so good, millions of Americans do not even receive the curative medicine they require, let alone preventive medicine. The money required for doctor bills must go for food, rent, and clothes. The ability to pay is the governing factor.

A proper system of government-sponsored preventive medicine, practiced in medicine's many fields including mental illness, would be a boon to the nation's most prized possession—its health. Tuberculosis, for example, is the nation's second heaviest killer. It needs early diagnosis, for it produces noticeable symptoms only when considerably advanced. The usual signs, such as fever, night sweats, coughs, and loss of weight, do not begin with the infection's beginning. In fact, sometimes early symptoms are difficult to detect with a stethoscope, but require either X-ray or fluoroscopic examination. When detected early, tuberculosis can be completely cured and frequently without too much difficulty. In its advanced stages, its cure may be very difficult. In recent years, at the urging of the United States Public Health Service, Congress has made available funds for free X-ray examinations for the public. While these examinations are given on a large scale, they are not as yet reaching the total population. However, they have already done a world of good, giving to many people, particularly the nation's youngsters, the necessary warning of tuberculosis' approach long before the victim would have otherwise suspected it.

Cancer is another disease which must be detected in its early stages if it is to be cured. Like tuberculosis, its symptoms are rather late in becoming noticeable. A periodic checkup would cause millions of cancer fatalities to be eliminated. The American Cancer Society has stated that 17,000,000 of today's Americans will probably develop

cancer. This institution further states that 95% of skin cancer, 75% of breast cancer, 75% of uterine, and 95% of lip cancers can be cured if detected early enough. Yet medical history shows that the vast majority of cancer sufferers do not realize that they are suffering until the disease has progressed so far that a cure is either impossible or else a very serious and expensive matter.

The nation's records show that millions of Americans are not able to afford the curative medicine they need. Since this is the case, then it is obvious that these persons receive little, if any, preventive medicine. If a person cannot afford to go to a doctor when he is sick and really needs attention, it is unlikely that he will visit his physician for a checkup when he is feeling reasonably well, just to make sure that nothing is developing. The economic factor is the chief factor in such situations; hence free periodic checkups at government clinics would prevent many costly and misery-causing illnesses.

Wholesale periodic checkups would also mean much to those who suffer from mental illnesses and emotional disturbances. It is stated that there are approximately 10,000,000 persons, or 1 out of every 14, in this country who need psychiatric attention. This great army of sufferers range from those who are badly in need of being institutionalized to those who need only a little attention to bring them to an enjoyable state of health. While this number seems large, certain reputable authorities state that it is probably an under-estimation. Many think that the actual number suffering from emotional disturbances of all kinds will exceed the figure quoted. These emotional disturbances do not always reveal themselves in their true light, but their reactions are frequently the cause of digestive disturbances, high blood pressure, migraine, and many other disturbances. In many cases the patient is merely the victim of a too-active imagination and can be sent on his way happily with record speed by a psychiatrist. However, no doctor

can do anything for a patient until the patient visits him. Millions of Americans do not visit a doctor when they should, simply because of the cost involved.

A system of free clinics, with clinics located in all large towns and cities, and with mobile units to cover rural districts, would be worth its weight in gold. Almost every day of the year finds this nation faced with more than 5,000,000 cases of sickness of which the majority could be prevented. On an average day, 4,000,000 Americans are disabled by illness. Every year our nation loses more than 1,000,000,000 days of production because of illness. In dollars and cents, represented by production loss, our illness costs us nearly \$10,000,000,000 annually. The usual taxes on this loss of wealth which could be saved, or mostly so, by free preventive medicine, would more than pay the cost of the program. A nation-wide system of preventive medicine, combined with a campaign of public education in health matters, should prove to be one of our greatest national assets.

Of course a system of diagnostical clinics would constitute only a part of a preventive program. Preventive medicine goes beyond diagnosis. For example, more than 1,000,000 Americans suffer each year with malaria, which is preventable. Many other diseases, such as typhoid fever, dysentery, diphtheria, and even smallpox still kill people who need not be victims to these things.

While it is true that we have done a pretty good job of eliminating diseases of an epidemic nature, such as typhoid fever, we have not done so well in preventing those of a non-epidemic nature. When an epidemic is strong we go to work in a successful manner with our scientific weapons; but we permit the diseases which work insidiously to go their way with insufficient attention. In some items of national health, our nation is surpassed by several other countries. According to the records, our maternal health is one of these items. The national health survey made in 1938 indicated

(Continued on page 342)



WHAT'S the use of kidding yourselves about this Christmas stuff? It's just a money-making affair." Abe Freeman was pulling on his overcoat. A hand shot out of one sleeve, and an aggressive finger

wagged in the air while he almost shouted, "You know there's nothing to all this Bethlehem and Jesus story. Just a legend, that's all it is. And now it's become an excuse for advertising." We were all silent as Freeman chocked on his hat and puffed toward the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned toward us, silhouetted monstrously in Tiny's shop window, with the ever-twisting barber pole outside seeming to spiral right out of his head.

This window pane was a topsyturvydom of kaleidoscopic frost edging the letters which announced, "Lawrence Morely, Barber," but seemed doubly backwards to us inside the shop who knew that the real name of our plump and swarthy barber was "Morelli." Tiny shook the bib with a sassy snap. I swung up into the chair with a grunt. Jack Burnett thrust out his lower lip and stared at his feet. Abe Freeman was a heathen, we were

thinking, and what's the use of arguing when we were so sure of ourselves? Finally Tiny muttered, "Too bad you got no faith," then set his clippers abuzzing.

"Faith!" Freeman sputtered, taking a few steps toward us. "I've been getting along pretty well on facts without believing a lot of fables. How do you know that Jesus Christ was born on December twenty-fifth?" Jack Burnett looked up as if startled. Tiny stopped his work for a moment, holding his electric clippers in thunderous proximity to my ear. "Hah!" Freeman fumed, "You just believe it, but you don't know it. Same with all those religious ideas—you take 'em on faith. How do you know there's a God?"

"But we do know it!" I found myself shouting now too. "We've known that all our lives."

"Yeah? How?"

"From my mother and from school, when..."

"Took it on faith, didn't you?" Freeman was becoming benevolent in the flush of victory.

I just bit my lip and tried to think. Burnett shifted in his chair and groaned, "Aw hell."

Freeman swished around. "How do you know there's a hell?"

Just then the door swung open with a customer and a gust of cold air. It was Mr. Thomson, who

teaches in our high school. As soon as Tiny saw him, he switched off his clippers and stepped back a little. I knew what was coming—it's a sort of standard joke with them, a ritual greeting in mock solemnity.

Thomson swept off his hat with a theatrical gesture and a low bow, his grey eyes twinkling while he exclaimed, "Lorenzo Magnifico!"

The barber snatched the celluloid eye-shade from his forehead and with the same swing of his arm and profound bow (but with difficulty on account of his girth) trumpeted, "Professor illustrissimo."

This set us all to smiling. We exchanged greetings in the more conventional style. Freeman went out.

There was a bit of small talk: Christmas only a few days off, school letting out this afternoon, and the banditry of the price of Christmas trees. It was in the course of this topic that Burnett blurted out his accustomed infernal interjection and brought back Freeman's question.

"How do we know," Burnett repeated it, "How do we know there is a hell?"

Burnett was asking Thomson, but Tiny came in with, "We don't have to know it. We just believe it. And there's no use arguing with Freeman on faith. Nossir. He just doesn't have any faith."

Burnett still looked to Thomson

for an answer. The experienced teacher was evident in Thomson's reply, "How do we know there is a hell? In two ways: first, because God has told us; then because, even if He had not told us, we could figure it out for ourselves." We all looked so serious that Thomson wanted to know, "What ever brought up such a question?"

"Freeman did... among others."

"Other questions?"

"Yes," I started to answer, but Tiny pushed my chin onto my chest and took over...

"It's not good to be asking such questions. Nossir. We got the faith, and Freeman hasn't." Each word was accented by a snip of Tiny's scissors. "So let's be glad and forget about questions that are answered by the faith."

Thomson chuckled at Tiny's grim manner. "You're being rather hard on Abe Freeman. Anyhow, we're not the kind to throw over our religion just on account of a few innocent questions. That one about hell is easy. We all know that good actions call for some reward and that the bad things a man does deserve to be punished. But you can plainly see that it isn't all squared up here on earth. So there must be a reward for good men after they die—heaven we call it—and a punishment for evil men—and that's hell."

Burnett was electrified. After a torrent of exclamations amounting to a wish that Freeman were on hand to witness his own defeat, we all became eager to answer the other two questions.

"It all started," I explained, "with Freeman's sad song about commercializing Christmas. That's when he asked: How do we know the Lord was born on December twenty-fifth?"

"And I said we just got to take it on faith," Tiny insisted, tapping scissors on comb. "How could you prove it?"

"Well, I admit," Thomson said with a smile and a shake of his head, "I admit we can't prove that one very easily. It's an altogether different question than the one about hell. This is a matter of history."

"What would you have said to Freeman?" Burnett proposed.

After a moment's silence, Thomson slyly questioned, "How do you know George Washington was born on February twenty-second?"

"History books say so," was my reply. And the others nodded assent.

"Tiny suddenly burst out with, 'See there! We take it on faith. Yessir. We believe the history book, and that's all we can do.'"

"But on the day George Washington was born," Thomson said slowly, "the calendar in his house announced February twelfth."

"How do you figure?"

"Because Protestant countries were still following the Julian calendar and hadn't accepted the Gregorian reform."

We were dumbfounded by this piece of information; Tiny moaned, "Then the history books are wrong?"

And Burnett: "So we've been celebrating Washington's birthday on the wrong day?"

"Oh, by no means. I just wanted to point out that making dates in history is not always so simple."

After a few pensive moments, I threw in an attempt at cheerfulness: "What's the difference on which day we celebrate as long as we celebrate?"

"There's the answer to the Christmas question," Thomson immediately declared, but we wanted further explanation. "It's true that no historian has found proof that Christ was born on December twenty-fifth. So what do we have to judge by? Well, from away back in history, just a few hundred years after Christ, folks were celebrating His birthday on December twenty-fifth. Knowledge of a fact like that could easily have been passed down from parents to children, and make no mistakes about it either. Most likely, therefore, Christ was born on Christmas day.—And even if we aren't so sure of it, what's the difference as long as we celebrate?" This last remark was a mimic of me.

We all laughed and bantered for a while. There was some discussion about proofs for other actions of Christ; Thomson assured us that the life and doctrine of Christ are

among the best-proven facts of history. Finally the third question was recalled. This time Tiny was "as sure as I'm standing here that you can't prove God. Nossir. That's one thing you believe." A cloud of tale surrounded us as Tiny slapped his brush on the back of my neck. "A man who doesn't believe in God is an atheist. Yessir."

"It seems to me," Burnett mused as he stepped over to the chair, "that I've heard of some kind of proofs about God."

"Proofs for the existence of God?" Thomson's eyes were twinkling as he began to maneuver the conversation. "Do you remember what they were?"

"Nope," Burnett admitted. "I just heard the phrase. Didn't pay any attention to it. Believed all my life that God... ah..."

"Exists?"

"That's it. God exists. Only people who don't believe it are atheists, as Tiny said."

"I don't believe God exists," Thomson said it calmly but with a bold surety that betrayed his intentions. Tiny fumed that he didn't see how a good Catholic could say such a thing. Nossir. Burnett thrust out his lower lip and frowned to attention. "I don't believe God exists," Thomson repeated with emphasis. "I know it."

"How do you know it?" I asked, adding "That was Freeman's question."

"I know it just as surely as I know every effect has a cause."

"Every what a which?" This rare query was from Tiny.

"Nothing ever happens without some reason for it," Thomson explained, then gestured in his easy manner, furnishing examples. "This room is warm because of the fire in the stove. There's frost on the window because it's cold outside. And that red, white, and blue pole is twirling around out there... because... well, for some good reason. Every effect has a cause. Right?"

We nodded, and Burnett called it, "Just plain common sense."

"Now how did that barber pole get out there in front of the shop?" Thomson asked, resting his elbow on his knee and pointing with two fingers. "How did such a thing get

there?"

"Somebody put it there," I replied, slightly impatient.

"What kind of a 'somebody'?"

"Fellow who sells 'em, I suppose. What do you say, Tiny?"

"Yessir. Barbers' supply company sent the man. He put it up; I paid for it—too much."

"All right," Thomson said with much satisfaction. "The pole is there because a person who knows how to make it put it there. One more question: what makes the pole turn around?"

We admitted that we had never thought much about that but supposed it had a little electric motor, and Tiny pointed to the switch for turning it off and on.

"But what's all this got to do with God?"

"You'll see," Thomson assured us. "Now let's compare the world to that pole out there—but, of course, the world is a much more marvelous mechanism." He stepped over to the shelf of barbers' paraphernalia, selected three bottles, a can of talcum powder, and a razor strap. "Call this the earth." A green bottle with a bulky base was placed on the table and squin between the teacher's fingers. "And here's the sun"—a flash of yellowish hair tonic. "The earth turns around every day. We see the sun and we don't see it according to schedule. And here's the moon floating around the earth once a month." While the green bottle twisted in one hand, a little blue jar encircled it slowly. "Furthermore: the earth moves up and down, closer to and farther from the sun every year, giving us cold and hot weather according to the regular seasons for it."

"Why, it works just like our calendar with months and years," Burnett said, then asked, "Does it always move so reg'lar as all that?"

Thomson was amused. "So regularly," he answered, "that the years and months and days are the perfect way to measure time, and all our calendars and clocks are just substitutes for the big 'clock' of the universe.—But there's some more yet: the stars. Away off in the

space beyond the sun and planets, these stars are whirling around." Thomson stepped back about six feet from the table and sprinkled a puff of powder in the air, then swished it around with the flat of his hand. "Most of the stars are bigger than our earth. They're like our sun, only much hotter. They're so far away that it takes hundreds of years for their light to come down to us. And there are millions of them, all shooting around at a terrific speed; still they keep in certain tracks, never bump together or get out of line."

We marveled as much at Thomson's demonstration as we did at the glories of the universe. "What's this going to be?" I asked, holding out the razor strap.

"Oh, that's the milky way," Thomson explained. "Here it is, far out among the stars, a big strip of space full of gleaming stars." The leather strap was dangling above Thomson's head at the opposite end of the shop—"speeding along at a million miles an hour."

Thomson sat down and said with deliberation, "Now let's put all these ideas together. What did we say about the barber pole?"

"Somebody put it there—a fellow who knows how to make such things."

"All right," Thomson proceeded, "Then how did this marvelous mechanism of sun and moon and stars get up there in the sky? And how did the earth get here? Somebody put it here, Somebody Who is wise enough and big enough to make such a world."

"God?" I ventured.

"That's what we call Him. And aren't you just as certain now of His existence as you are of the man who put on that barber pole out there?"

"So that's what you meant about knowing God exists," Burnett concluded, then boasted, "Now I know it too."

"Don't we still have to believe it?" Tiny asked with pain in his voice.

"Explain to us," I suggested, "the difference between knowing and believing."

"Mmm, that may not be so easy," Thomson said, wrinkling his forehead. "What did we say about the first question?"

"You proved to us that there must be a punishment for bad people after they die," Burnett reiterated. "So now we know there is a hell."

"And we know there is a God," I added.

"Then we know something when we find it out for ourselves," Thomson concluded. "But when we can't be on hand for some big event, we believe the story of some reliable person who saw the thing happen. That's history. We have to believe what the historians tell us—also scientists, since we can't learn all these facts by experience."

"You mean that only the man who makes the experiments can know the results," Burnett put in, "but everybody outside his laboratory just believes him?"

"Right. Now getting back to the other question—we can't know the date on which Christ was born because we weren't there. So we suppose He was born on December twenty-fifth just as we believe any other fact of history."

"Here I always thought that we had to believe everything about religion but that we could know other facts for certain," Tiny said confusedly.

"Oh, there are many truths of religion you can never know except by faith," Thomson cautioned, "and it isn't a matter of certainty either. You can be much more certain about a truth God showed us than about a conclusion of your own. After all, we can easily make mistakes when we start to figure, but God is never wrong."

After a pause to let all this sink in, Tiny stuttered, "Up until today, we believed that there is ... a hell ... and God. But now we know it. Aah ... what's the difference? I mean ... what are we going to do about it?"

"Has it made much difference to you, Mr. Thomson?" Burnett asked.

"In some ways, yes," came the quiet answer. "Everything that a

man knows can help him to be a better man. Maybe you gentlemen will think of some other ideas about God now that you've..." Suddenly: "That pole twisting around out there..."

"Is there more yet?" Burnett sputtered as he unfolded his lanky frame from the chair.

"Think. We already saw that God must be very powerful in order to make such a huge world of planets and stars; also that God must be intelligent or wise to design so intricate an interplay of forces."

"You mean that 'clock of the universe'?"

"All right, now what makes the 'clock' run?" We didn't venture an answer, so Thomson continued: "The barber pole needs some force to keep it turning around. So the earth and the stars need an energy to keep them in motion. Who? God."

"Then what an electric current does for that machine out there, God is doing for the world," Burnett speculated. "He has to wind up that big 'clock,' eh?"



Knowledge of a fact like that could easily have been passed down from parents to children.

"What else does it prove about God?" I wanted to know.

street. "Makes you think, doesn't he," I remarked. "That Thomson is a sharp one."

"Sure is," Burnett agreed. "But think of the One Who made Thomson!"

BETWEEN THE LINES

(Continued from page 337)

that one-half to two-thirds of the deaths of women in childbirth could be prevented and that we could cut our infant mortality in half. This same survey also reported that two-thirds of the children who suffer from rheumatic heart disease could be returned to normal life. Also there are many diseases which would occur only rarely if the conditions which cause them could be discovered in time through periodic checkups.

While in several items of national health our country does fall below the standard of several other countries, it is equally true that, in general, we surpass the rest of the world in the field of health conditions. It is this latter fact which

is apt to mislead us. We are prone to point with pride at the difference between our national health conditions and world health conditions. However, the real nub of the matter is not how much better we are than world conditions, but rather how much better we could be than we now are. Ours is a nation which does things successfully and in a big way when we set out to achieve something. It is not enough for us to point with pride to our superiority over the world scene; on the contrary, we should be rather embarrassed when we realize that our national health is not nearly as good as we could make it. For example, our annual record in malaria is 1,000,000 cases compared with 300,000,000 cases in the rest of the

world. This causes us to think that we are advanced but we should remember that the million cases which we suffer are preventable.

If the matter of a national public health program continues to receive increased attention, we will undoubtedly prove ourselves wise if we give the early stages of that attention to preventive medicine. It does not seem the better part of wisdom to spend 3% of our national medical bill on preventive medicine and the remaining 97% in curing cases of illness, many of which could have been prevented at a much less cost. A constructive medical program could help keep us from getting sick as well as curing us after we succumb.



OUR LADY OF FATIMA

HOPE OF THE WORLD

STEPHEN ORAZE

Part VIII

DETROIT ARCHDIOCESE,
DIOCESES OF SAGINAW AND STEUBENVILLE

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" recently completed the first year of its tour throughout North America. During that time the famed image of Our Lady of Fatima was seen and venerated by more than three million Americans in Canada and the United States. Perhaps as you read this eye-witness account of the pilgrimage you will join your prayers with the many souls, who having knelt at the feet of this beautiful statue, are now fulfilling the requests of the Mother of God for prayer, reparation, and consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Permission is given to our readers, and to all newspapers and magazines to reprint this article in whole or in part. Such re-printing is welcomed and invited as a further means of spreading the all-important message of Fatima.

DETROIT, Michigan, the automobile capital of the world, paid host to America's "Pilgrim Virgin" for two weeks from September 27th through October 10th. In all, 30 churches, convents and schools honored the famous replica of Our Lady, with more than 220,000 faithful coming to pray for the conversion of Russia and for lasting world peace.

Mary's own children who have voluntarily dedicated themselves to her—the Sodalists of the Blessed Virgin Mary—were responsible for the visits throughout the Detroit Archdiocese. Several months ago, under the leadership of their director, Rev. Francis L. VanHout, they petitioned His Eminence, Edward Cardinal Mooney, for permission to bring the statue to the Motor City. The request was granted, with Father Van Hout and the Sodalists placed in charge of all arrangements.

Arriving from Flint, Michigan, the "Pilgrim Virgin" stopped for the afternoon at the Convent of Mary Reparatrix in Detroit, preparatory to the official reception. That evening, before an overflow throng of more than 2000 persons, Father Van Hout welcomed the statue in the name of the Sodalists. Auxiliary Bishop Allen Babcock officiated at Solemn Benediction.

PLACES VISITED IN DETROIT ARCHDIOCESE

Following is the complete list of churches, convents, and schools visited in the Detroit Archdiocese from September 27th through October 10th. All cities are in the state of Michigan:

- September 27** Convent of Mt. Mary Reparatrix, Detroit
Blessed Sacrament Cathedral, Detroit
- 28** Mercy College, Detroit
Little Sisters of the Poor—Outer Drive—Detroit
Mary Grove College & Convent, Detroit
Sacred Heart Church (Colored), Detroit
- 29** St. Cecilia Church, Detroit
St. Gregory Church, Detroit
- 30** St. Peter & Paul Church, Detroit
Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Detroit
- October 1** Sacred Heart Diocesan Seminary, Detroit
Holy Redeemer Church, Detroit
- 2** Sacred Heart Academy, East Detroit
St. Peter's Church, Mount Clemens
- 3** Assumption Grotto Church, Detroit
- 4** St. Vincent de Paul Church, Detroit
- 5** Madonna College & Convent, Plymouth
St. Thomas Church, Ann Arbor
- 6** St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Ann Arbor
Vista Maria Monastery of Good Shepherd, Detroit
Discalced Carmelite Sisters—Webb Avenue, Detroit
Visitation Church, Detroit

- 7 Sacred Heart Convent & School, Detroit
Ascension Church, Baseline
St. Catherine Church, Detroit
- 8 Gesu Church (University of Detroit),
Detroit
St. Theresa Church, Detroit
- 9 St. Mary's Church (Downtown), Detroit
St. Florian Church (Polish), Ham-
tramck
- 10 Resurrection Church (Polish), De-
troit
- 14 Convent of Sister Servants of
Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mon-
roe.

COLLEGE VISITS DRAW LARGE CROWDS

The next day, Tuesday, September 28th, visits were made to Mercy College; Little Sisters of the Poor; and Mary Grove College. None of these places was scheduled to receive the statue, arrangements having been made the day before because of a last minute change in plans. Although there was no publicity of any kind, nearly 3000 persons filed through the Chapel at Mercy College in three hours to venerate the lovely image of Our Lady. Earlier, 1500 students from the College and Academy had escorted the statue in an impressive procession around the campus grounds.

The pilgrimage party paused for a few mo-

ments at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor near Outer Drive. Because there was only a short period of time available, the Sisters and patients and residents were lined up outside the building. The tears of joy in the eyes of many of them expressed their heartfelt thanks for the rare privilege of being able to touch the famous statue as it was carried past them.

The "Pilgrim Virgin" arrived at Mary Grove College after school hours. Yet, all of the students remained, eagerly awaiting its arrival. From 3:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. more than 2500 visited the college chapel to pay homage to the Queen of Heaven, including many Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from various schools in Detroit which they conduct in addition to Mary Grove.

MOST CHURCHES CANNOT ACCOMMODATE HUGE THRONGS

In this great arsenal city, where a few years ago most of the population earned its living by producing war materials, and which is now beginning to gird for another war, there was hardly a church that could begin to accommodate the great

Knights of St. Peter Claver escort the "Pilgrim Virgin" into Sacred Heart (colored) Church, Detroit for services there September 29th.





The "Pilgrim Virgin" being carried through a colonnade on the campus of Mercy College, Detroit, creating an unusual pattern effect, with the shadows forming a huge V over the head of the statue.

numbers who came to hear the message of Fatima and to pray for peace. At several churches in Detroit and surrounding towns there were more people outside than inside for the opening services. This was the case at St. Vincent de Paul Church, Pontiac, Michigan; St. Thomas Church, Ann Arbor; St. Cecilia, Holy Redeemer, Visitation, Ascension, and Our Lady of Sorrows Churches in Detroit—with equally large crowds at St. Catherine's and St. Theresa's.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church seats approximately 600 people. Yet, more than 4000 jammed the church during three hours the night of September 30th, with another 2500 for Masses the following morning.

The Redemptorist Fathers estimate that more than 25,000 filed through Holy Redeemer Church to venerate the image of Our Lady of Fatima the evening it was there.

More than 10,000 attended services from noon until 6 P.M. September 29th at St. Cecilia Church.

At Visitation Church, headquarters for the Legion of Mary in the Detroit Archdiocese, the "Pil-

grim Virgin" received a very special and warm welcome. There, Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Hunt, jovial director of this great Marian organization, led thousands of Mary's Legionnaires in re-consecrating their lives and efforts to the Mother of God, under whose banner they labor so zealously.

In spite of an almost continuous downpour, Ascension Church, Baseline, was filled for almost the entire five hours the statue remained there. At the opening and closing services hundreds stood under raised umbrellas, listening to the sermons over outdoor amplifiers.

Enroute to Ann Arbor the "Pilgrim Virgin" stopped for an hour at Madonna College, Plymouth for a supposedly private visit for the Felician Sisters there. But, as has happened so often before, word had spread around the surrounding communities, and nearly 3000 persons flocked to the campus grounds just to get a glimpse of the fair image.

More than 35,000 attended colorful ceremonies honoring Our Lady at St. Florian and Resurrection Polish Churches. Particularly did they come to pray for their homeland, Poland, now prostrate and ravaged under God-less Communistic domina-



Part of the huge throng that welcomed the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Assumption Grotto Church, Detroit, October 3rd. Over 5000 could not get into church, being forced to line the sidewalks and listen to the services outdoors. More than 40,000 persons filed through the church to venerate the famed image during the one-day visit there—Second largest crowd for a church in a single day.

tion. At Resurrection Church, hundreds of poor humble Polish women stayed throughout the entire afternoon and night, offering continuously native hymns and prayers to the Mother of God. Many brought meager lunches so they could stay and take advantage of every precious moment the statue remained in their church.

40,000 IN ONE DAY AT ASSUMPTION GROTTO CHURCH

The greatest reception accorded the "Pilgrim Virgin" in Detroit occurred at Assumption Grotto Church, Sunday, October 3rd. Long before the statue arrived, the huge edifice was filled to overflowing with more than 2000 faithful. By the time services were to begin at 3:00 P.M., another 5000 had gathered on the lawn in front of the church, and on both sidewalks lining Gratiot Avenue, one

of the principal streets in the city. Half a dozen policemen were required to guide the crowd and to direct traffic over the busy thoroughfare.

It was a truly impressive sight for the many non-Catholics walking and riding by, to see the dazzling white image of Our Lady carried high above the heads of the great crowd as it was borne into the church. Later, they heard the vast throng respond with one voice, "Holy Mary, Mother of God..." as the Rosary was led over the public-address system. And they watched in respect as the thousands of Catholics knelt on the grass and sidewalks, bowed their heads in silence, and blessed themselves with the Sign of the Cross as the bells indicated the Blessed Sacrament was being raised in Benediction within the church.

Starting at 4:00 P.M., two rows of people proceeded up the center aisle of the church to venerate the statue. During the next 7½ hours there

was not a single break in either line, a steady stream of additional pilgrims arriving to swell the waiting ranks. In all, more than 30,000 had touched their beads, religious articles or their hand to the feet of the statue by 11:30 P.M.

While the veneration ceremony was taking place, Father Henry Hengehold, Father Geary, (assistant pastors at the church, Mr. John Garipey and other members of the parish took turns in leading a continuous Rosary that continued throughout the night. In order that there might not be a break in the prayers, Father Hengehold remained in the church the entire night, filling in whenever there was no one else to lead the "Ave Marias." Many

of those filing through for the veneration stayed to offer several Rosaries. One group of Dominican nuns knelt for more than four hours, praying one Rosary after the other in answer to Our Lady's request.

The following morning, Monday at 10:00 A.M., another 2000 persons jammed the church for Solemn High Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with many of these receiving Holy Communion. From the time of its arrival the day before until its departure that afternoon, over 40,000 had come to view the "Pilgrim Virgin"—the second largest crowd for a day's visit in any church during the course of the pilgrimage.

All who come to touch the "Pilgrim Virgin," pause to gaze into the beautiful face, and to whisper a prayer to Our Lady for peace.

MANY PILGRIMS JOURNEY TO SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

St. Andrew's Church, Saginaw, Michigan had the unusual distinction of being host to the "Pilgrim Virgin" on two feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The visit there opened Monday evening, October 11th, feast of the Maternity of the Mother of God, and closed two nights later on October 13th, which was the 31st anniversary of the great Miracle of the Sun at Fatima, Portugal. Just one year earlier, on the 13th of October, 1947, the statue had been blessed by Most Rev. Jose Correia da Silva, Bishop of Fatima, before 200,000 pilgrims who were present at the great Shrine in Portugal.

Rev. Timothy Kroboth, pastor, welcomed the famous statue to the Saginaw Diocese in the absence of Bishop William F. Murphy, who was ill. Since St. Andrew's was the only church in the diocese to be visited on the current tour, pilgrims began converging there from all parts of the state. From near and far they came to gaze in admiration at the beautiful white image of Our Lady, and to add their prayers for peace. The pas-



tor of the colored parish in Saginaw led a large group of his parishioners in walking three miles to attend one of the services—all publicly praying the Rosary on the way.

Each evening saw a larger crowd in attendance than the one before. On the opening night there were so many people that all the aisles were jammed, and people were in the sanctuary, sitting on the steps of the Communion rail, standing in the vestibule and on the sidewalk in front of the church. The final night it was necessary to install loudspeakers in the classrooms of the school to accommodate more than 600 people who could not even begin to get in the church. Well over 30,000 persons attended the various services during the 2½ day visit in Saginaw.

A mother touches her infant to the feet of the statue at St. Thomas Church, Ann Arbor, Michigan.



"PILGRIM VIRGIN'S" FIRST ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED IN STEUBENVILLE DIOCESE

The 360 miles from Saginaw, Michigan to Steubenville, Ohio were traveled in one day, with a stop enroute at the Convent of the Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan—the Motherhouse of that community. That evening, October 14, a motorcade met the pilgrimage some miles outside of Steubenville, and escorted it into the city. There it was carried in procession through the main streets to Holy Name Cathedral, where the statue was officially welcomed and crowned by Bishop John K. Mussio. Although the Marian Hour and welcoming services were conducted well after 10:00 P.M., an overflow crowd jammed the cathedral for the ceremony, which was concluded with Benediction in the Old Slavonic Rite.

Starting the next morning, the "Pilgrim Virgin" began a whirlwind tour of the diocese, making 16 different visits in five days. Friday, October 15th, Bishop Mussio celebrated Pontifical Mass in honor of Our Lady of Fatima at St. Peter's Church, Steubenville. Then came stops at St. Francis Church, Toronto, Ohio; Villa Maria Convalescent Home, Steubenville; Holy Rosary Church, Steubenville; St. Mary's Church, Fulda; St. Benedict's Church, Cambridge; St. Mary's Church, St. Clairsville; St. Anthony's Church, Bridgeport; St. Mary's Church, Martin's Ferry; St. Michael's Church, Bellaire; St. John's Church, Bellaire; St. Joseph's Church, Ironton; St. Lawrence Church, Ironton; and St. Mary's Church, Marietta—all in Ohio. At all of the churches visited, there were capacity and overflow crowds on hand to honor Our Lady, and to pray for peace. Even though it rained all day Sunday, St. Michael's and St. John's Churches at Bellaire, Ohio could not begin to accommodate those wanting to attend the services. Among the people there were two busloads from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 60 miles away, and thousands from Wheeling and other cities in West Virginia, just across



Bishop John K. Mussio welcomes the "Pilgrim Virgin" to Steubenville, Ohio diocese, during impressive ceremonies at Holy Name Cathedral, October 14th.

Children and nuns escort the statue in procession to St. Benedict's Church, Cambridge, Ohio.



the river. More than half the 60,000 Catholics in the diocese of Steubenville thronged to the various churches to see the "Pilgrim Virgin," many of them remaining through the nights to take part in the all-night vigils observed at most of the churches.

A rather amusing little comedy was enacted in the pages of the secular paper in Ironton, Ohio, located in the non-Catholic southeastern section of the state. The Knights of Columbus had sponsored a half-page advertisement showing a picture of the "Pilgrim Virgin," explaining that Catholics do not adore statues, outlining the purpose of the pilgrimage, and inviting all to attend the Marian Hour services. Two days later another large advertisement appeared in the same paper, this one sponsored by a group of Protestant ministers. Their advertisement stated the words of the First Commandment that "...Thou shalt not make unto thyself a graven image." By some strange twist of fate or coincidence, on the same page just two columns away, there appeared a large picture showing the unveiling of a statue—this one to a horse called Man O' War.

The visit in Steubenville diocese came to a close at St. Mary's Church, Marietta, Ohio on Tuesday, October 19th—exactly one year after the "Pilgrim Virgin" had begun its amazing tour of Canada and the United States. No special celebration was held, merely the usual Marian Hour program, with sermon on the message of Fatima preached by Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A., of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been with the pilgrimage from its beginning. Now as then, the text was the same, asking people to amend their lives, give up sin, and heed Our Lady's requests for prayer and reparation before it is too late—so that the Mother of God may be able to grant the conversion of Russia and the peace which she promised to the world at Fatima, Portugal in 1917.

MARY HAS DONE HER PART— NOW IT'S UP TO US

Wherever the "Pilgrim Virgin" has visited, there has been a marked increase in the number of Confessions and Communions. Pastors and assistants have remarked "It seems like Christmas and Easter time."

In addition to the millions of Rosaries offered during the course of the pilgrimage, many families have begun the daily Rosary in their homes as a result of the statue's visit.

First Saturday Devotions have been started in many churches, with some pastors having to hear Confessions on First Friday to take care of all

those wanting to receive Holy Communion the next day. In one place, the church is so crowded for these devotions the people cannot be accommodated without standing in the aisles. Several pastors have reported that Communions on the First Saturdays are equal to First Fridays, and in one case they are equal to the Sunday distribution of the Sacred Sacrament.

Individuals, churches and dioceses in great numbers have been consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Yes, in one short year the "Pilgrim Virgin" has brought to millions of Americans the message of

Our Lady at Fatima. The Mother of God has seen fit to use a small but beautiful piece of wood as the instrument of her love and mercy in making known throughout this land, in somewhat spectacular fashion, her "peace plan from Heaven."

Mary has done her part. Through her lovely image, she has literally "hurried everywhere" pleading with us to cease offending her Divine Son, to amend our lives, and to do penance before it is too late—before the just wrath of an outraged God strikes the world with terrible punishment. If war comes to the world and to our country, it will be because not enough of us are willing to do our part—to make reparation, pray the Rosary, observe the Five First Saturdays, and to consecrate ourselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.



A tiny child reaches out for its Heavenly Mother at Holy Rosary Church, Steubenville, Ohio.

THE FIVE FIRST SATURDAYS

On December 10, 1925, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared again to the sole surviving member of the three favored children of Fatima—Sister Lucia das Dores, as she knelt in prayer in the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Dorothy, Tuy, Spain. Standing beside His Blessed Mother was the Christ child. Together they had come to give the visionary a new and wonderful message for souls. The first to speak was Our Lord, who said, *"Have pity on the Heart of your Most Holy Mother. It is covered with thorns with which ungrateful men pierce it at every moment, and there is no one to remove them with an act of reparation."*

Then, the Mother of God, holding in one hand a heart encircled with sharp thorns, and placing the other on the shoulder of Lucy, spoke these words:

"My child, behold my heart surrounded with the thorns which ungrateful men place therein at every moment by their blasphemies and ingratitude. You, at least, try to console me. Announce in my name that I promise to assist at the hour of death with all the graces necessary for salvation, all those who, on the First Saturday of five consecutive months, go to Confession, receive Holy Communion, recite the Rosary, and keep me company for a quarter of an hour while meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary, with the intention of making reparation to me." (NOTE: The Confession may be made during the eight days before or after the Communion, which must be received on the First Saturday. The Rosary—five decades—may be recited at any convenient time of the day, and the fifteen minute meditation may be made at any time of the day, either on all the mysteries as a whole, or on one special mystery.)

At Fatima, July 13, 1917, Our Lady had said she would return to ask for the Consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart and the Communion of reparation on the Five First Saturdays—in order to prevent another war, the spread of Communism, and persecution of the Church. Now she had come with her request, which, if heeded, would bring about the conversion of Russia and insure peace for the world. But even if there are not enough people who will grant Our Lady's request, those who do practice this devotion have received a guarantee of personal salvation from the Mother of God, regardless of what disasters may overtake the world.

Mary is able to make such a great promise of eternal life to those who keep the Five First Sat-

urdays—"so much for so little"—because she is the Mediatrix of All Graces. She is the Mediatrix of All graces because Jesus Christ, out of mercy for us and love for His Blessed Mother, has placed at her disposal the infinite merits of His life on earth, particularly His Passion and death on the Cross.

Throughout the ages, Mary's sole mission has been to obtain souls for Christ, which is the purpose of her latest request. She asks for nothing new; merely, reception of the Sacraments, Rosary with meditation, and reparation. But Our Lady makes her conditions so simple that—even in this generation of ours which seeks so diligently after the pleasures of the body, with no time nor concern for the salvation of the soul—Heaven is within easy reach for everyone. Those willing to make the small sacrifices required for the devotion of the Five First Saturdays will find eternal happiness in "Jesus through Mary."

THE PERFECT TRIDUUM

In the 18th century, Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary and asked for the devotion of the Nine First Fridays. December 10, 1925, Our Lady of Fatima asked for the devotion of the Five First Saturdays. When Almighty God created man, He asked that Sunday be set aside as a day of rest and prayer.

The first Friday, Saturday and Sunday of the month, almost always, will be together in the same week so the Confession required for either of the first two is sufficient for the other. Anyone in the state of Grace has the excellent opportunity of offering a perfect triduum of Communions, by receiving the Body and Blood of Christ on all three days. If the Mother of God has promised eternal salvation to those willing to put forth the minimum effort of making the Five First Saturdays, she will provide a much greater reward in Heaven for those willing to perform this extra act of love.

Thus, the triduum of Communions would be a gift, without any return expected other than the promise of personal reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so grievously offended by the sins of man; First Saturday, in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary—for the conversion of sinners, of Russia, and for lasting peace; First Sunday, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for all His blessings and graces, particularly for giving to mankind His Divine Son and His Blessed Mother, who, literally, are "working overtime" striving to establish peace in the world, and to save your soul and mine.



DURING the past summer, a very clever radio program took to the air, keeping its listeners' ears glued to the loudspeakers. It was primarily intended as summer replacement while the famous name, big feature outfit took time out. Each week a famous historical event was selected, such as the Destruction of Pompeii; the Assassination of Lincoln; Columbus Discovering America; and the Last Stand of the Alamo. It was assumed that a representative of the broadcasting company was present and he interviewed leading figures concerned in each event.

It thrills the imagination to wonder what might have happened had a group of radio specialists descended during the trial of Jeanne D'Arc and given us a word by word living picture of the figures concerned. The tragedy of the Maid of Orleans is that she is known to those who have heard about her mainly through two plays and one romantic novel. I am well aware that there have been many other works both here and abroad about her, but when I turned inquisiting reporter these works might have as well been in the realm of the unknown. It may shock you, but alas it is true, the very history book I used in my classes doesn't even mention her existence! How one can properly teach the welding together of the French nation or the growth of the spirit of nationalism without telling about this girl from Domremy is

a mystery deep enough to task even a master mind.

Offhand it would seem simple to say that we do have many records from a variety of sources about the daughter of Jacques d'Arc. Yet written words, still existing centuries after the characters they represent have turned to dust, must be carefully examined and weighed. Some are the results of partisanship; others of definite bias; some an attempt to record what did happen; others an examination of the memory when time had elapsed; and still others leave you puzzled.

With words you try to reconstruct the actions and motives of real living people, composed of flesh and blood; of mind and soul; of desires, hates, ambitions, jealousies, and fears. Do you think it is easy to watch the action of a person and judge the motive which caused it? You observe a man drop a coin into the hat of a blind beggar. What was the motive? At first you might say he was a charitable person. Then again he might have done it without even thinking. Or perhaps he wanted to impress the young lady at his side. There is the possibility he did it because annoyance caused his ego to react, and he dropped the coin as a symbol of protest. And if you want to wander far into the kingdom of the fantastic, the coin might have been a signal to the beggar who wasn't a beggar at all.

And yet how simple it seems at first glance to judge the three leading characters in this drama of life, Jeanne herself, King Charles, and Cauchon. Yet you can't separate each of them into a water

tight compartment, because in the life they lived, their paths met and the picture that took place was an interaction of three personalities.

You wish, of course, to meet the real Jeanne, this daughter of a farmer who changed the course of history. For physical appearance, we can say definitely she was neither pretty, charming, or sexually attractive. A suitor, whose name we do not know, caused her to be involved in a breach of promise suit, and she had to go to Toul, the center of the diocese to answer and defend herself before the episcopal court. She might have made a good wife, for by her own words, we know she could have taken care of a house and engaged in the required womanly arts. But she had a mission to perform, and she lived and died a virgin, La Pucelle.

To say she liked war is sheer nonsense. Her goal was to free and unite France and the only practical means by which it could be accomplished was by force of arms. She wrote her letters to the English, dictating word by word since she was only an "ignorant peasant girl." In not exactly humble expressions the enemy was told to leave. Her first letter was written on March 22, 1429, and you may read it yourself.

JHESUS MARIA: King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself Regent of the realm of France, you William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John Talbot, and you Thomas, Lord Scales, who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Bedford—

Submit to the King of Heaven; surrender to the Maid who has been sent by God the keys of all the good cities which you have taken and violated in France. She has come by God's order to restore the royal blood. She is ready to make peace, if you will submit, provided that you quit France and pay for what you have taken. And you, archers, gentlemen, soldiers of whatever rank before Orleans, depart in God's name, into your own country, and if you will not, expect soon to see the Maid, who will inflict great damage upon you.

King of England, if you fail

to do as I ask, I am a military chieftain and, in whatever place in France I come upon your men, I shall cause them to depart, whether by their will or no, and if they refuse to obey I shall have them killed. I am sent here by God the King of Heaven to meet them body to body and drive them out of the realm of France. But if they yield I will grant them mercy. And doubt it not, for you shall not have the realm of France from God, the King of Heaven, son of Saint Mary, but it will be held by Charles, the true heir, for God wishes it and has so revealed to him by the Maid, and he will enter Paris with a noble company.

If you will not believe the tidings sent you from God and the Maid, we shall strike you down in whatever place we find you, and make you such a great hahay as has not been seen in France for a thousand years unless you submit to us. And know well that God will lend such strength to the Maid that you will be unable to withstand her and her good soldiers.

You, Duke of Bedford, the Maid begs and requires of you that you do not seek your own destruction. If you consent you will be able to come in her company, thence where the French will perform the noblest deed ever done for Christianity. Answer, if you will make peace in the city of Orleans; and if you refuse, you will remember it to your sorrow.

(De par la Pucelle).

It is worth while reading and rereading this letter several times for it makes several facts stand out very clearly. Of course, the English laughed at her, but only at the beginning. You can see that when she routed them, they felt she must be a sorceress. The names they called her can not be printed here, except one, "harlot" which she threw back into their faces during her moment of victory. For an understanding of Jeanne and her belief in herself and her mission, the letter stands forth as historical evidence. And finally, read it again, as it was used against her during her trial, and you see the woman who is above all on this earth, supreme and confident, who can get results,



which caused the minds of those living during that age to regard her as a witch. Yet during the battle around Orleans, two events took place which shed light upon her nature.

First, there was the human event. Sir William Glasdale, whom the French called Classidas, fell to his death with companions as the drawbridge collapsed. And what did Jeanne do? She wept for the lost souls while more money-minded Frenchmen regretted the loss of prizes they could have ransomed. Second, there was the "supernatural" event. She was wounded as she had predicted, and then recovered so she could continue with the fighting.

One can't discuss Jeanne without trying to understand the problem of her Voices. Since she felt they talked to her, that meant she had a direct communication with Heaven without the Church being the deciding factor. In fact, she put herself as the deciding factor in regard to actions to be taken, and though she was very careful about saying mass, she became "Sir Boss." We must remember we are talking about an age in which a heretic could be punished, and Jeanne was certainly a heretic in the proper significance of the word! As for her manliness, it was almost a necessity that she adopt male attire. She was safe when she began her career and had to travel through hostile country. It tended to keep down the unpleasant thoughts that might arise in the minds of her companions as they rested at night on the ground. And as the warrior triumphant, how else could she go groomed into battle?

Let us now turn briefly to a poor character who has had to bear an unfavorable judgment of history, I refer of course, to the Dauphin. He never raised a finger to save her, either by offer of ransom, or by sending out an army to rescue her. Yet if you look at the real man, not the figment of fiction, his actions are human and understandable. He did what he did because he was what he was! His own mother practically made a bastard and a no-body out of him in a document. He was broke most of the time, reduced to begging loans and granting small favors. He would have been content to get away from all of it and live

peacefully with his mistress. He wasn't cut out for a big man's shoes in an age that considered the warrior as the man of decision. And into his life had to come this young girl, giving him more orders to follow; trying to run him; and letting him know she was going to make a king out of him. To spend a lifetime being run by Jeanne was too much to ask from this mortal. He wanted to come to terms with his enemies and when Jeanne was captured, why it was just good riddance! The word grateful better not be mentioned here.

And now we come to Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who has had to carry a heavy burden through the years of written history. The trial has been called by one of this age's scholars a "pre-ordained and tragic farce." Yet you can read the records and depositions and come to a different conclusion. Cauchon's material interests were tied up with the enemies of France. Insofar as the doom of Jeanne was concerned, the English were determined that she die—witch or no witch, for she was too dangerous an influence to be permitted to go around and give courage to ordinary soldiers to fight like mad men. Now Cauchon had a job to do, and unless we see it, we miss the entire point of the trial. Jeanne as a Catholic had to recognize the authority of the Church.

And this young maid was enough to drive anyone to distraction with her answers. When not suffering from the effects of fatigue, she could reason better than those who had spent years reading much from the printed pages but little from the signs of life. When they asked her if she considered herself in a state of grace, she reached the high point with her reply, "If I am not, may God put me there; if I am, may He keep me in it."

Cauchon was willing to save Jeanne's soul, as he, in the position of a churchman saw it to be his moral duty. They even gave Jeanne a way out though that hot-headed mob of English soldiers and Lords waiting for their prey was enough to cause sweat of blood on the forehead of Cauchon. What we forget is that to Jeanne martyrdom was preferable to being a prisoner. She made the choice

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THE TERRIBLE TEENS

Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens, running serially in *The Grail* by special arrangement with the author and publisher, may be bought in book form from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. The price is \$2.25. This book is a sympathetic and frank appeal to girls to retain the beauty of their pure souls. No more appropriate gift could be found for any girl from six to sixty. Introduce it to the Pastor, to the Sisters, to parents, to all girls. They will be grateful to you. The author is Father Vincent McCorry, S. J.

YOU LITTLE FOOL!



THE PRIEST, giving a retreat to Catholic girls, sits in the conference room and looks at the young girl opposite him. He makes a mental note: "This child is in serious trouble. She is under a terrible strain." The girl talks: first with a false gaiety, an eagerness. Next she hesitates, stumbles—and then come the racking sobs, the great, burning tears. The rest of the story is so familiar, so tragic. The priest thinks, as his own heart aches for a sad little girl who is going to be sad for a long, long time: "If only she had realized! If only she had remembered what she surely must have known!"

And so the priest sat down and wrote from his heart; and now you will read what he wrote.

A person does not have to be very old before he reaches the sobering conclusion that in this mortal life of ours there are some few mistakes which either cannot be retrieved, or can be retrieved only with immense difficulty and only to a degree. In the whole vast range of human knowledge and human understanding there is no more terrible realization than this, unless it be a vivid conception of the meaning of hell. Othello, heroic figure of a man, standing over the strangled Desdemona, who is now "still as the grave"; old Lear, holding the dead Cordelia in his arms and moaning, "I might have saved her"; Lady Macbeth, as she puts the awful truth into that brief, haunting formula: "What's done, cannot be undone"—these tortured souls, who never breathed outside the pages of a book or the boards of a stage, strike terror to the

heart with their dreadful refrain of irrecoverable love and beauty and innocence. The condemned murderer who paces his last cell, counting the minutes and listening to the hours strike, knows very well the meaning of the wrong which can never be made right. So does the wretched husband who finds himself chained to a drunken, faithless wife. So does the young girl who, for once and all, has thrown away her chastity.

When young, when very young, a Catholic girl can come to no better realization than this: when her chastity is gone, something is changed, something is lost forever. She may be sorry. She will be forgiven. She can yet lead a happy and good and useful life. But something is different. The same chastity cannot be lost and found again.

A girl should think about these things.

There is a thing called physical virginity. God our Creator has set a seal upon woman, for woman shares with the most high and holy God, as man never can, the unutterable work of creation. God gives life, but only through woman. God creates an immortal soul, but only in a womb. So the eternal Father places a seal upon His daughter, because she will yet be a mother. The voluntary breaking of the seal is, in God's plan, the lofty prelude to the budding and the bursting of new life. God's mark was never meant as a jest or as the target of a false gesture. The seal may be so broken once. Once.

There is a thing called innocence. It is a reality, good and sweet. So good and so sweet is it that the evil hate it and the vicious ridicule it and the soiled weep for it. Innocence, too, may be lost but once. In the mercy of God a new innocence, itself

sweet and good, may come to take the place of the first. But the new innocence is different. It is not the primeval innocence. It is forgiveness.

There is a thing called faith: not now the faith of man in God, but the vaulting, shining faith of man in woman. This is the faith, sturdy, sure, for which the heart of woman cries out, and which a man prides to give to her whom he loves. But let the girl, unmarried, give herself to the boy. He will take her, hungrily. Yet his shining faith falls, mortally wounded, in the high citadel of his heart. He will deny it, he will swear by the star it is not so. But in his heart a star has set, not to rise again. He will yet believe in his love, he will yet love. Only, his new faith is a different faith, and his love has died, a little. A dark and horrible question will not be stifled, and in the years to come may yet spring, menacing and strong to destroy, into the full light of day: "She yielded to me. Will she not yield as easily to another?"

There is a girl's faith in herself. She will not cease to hope; she will not be such a fool as to add the new and worse evil of despair to the first evil of unchastity. Yet she knows: she knows in her heart that she is no longer the one she was—for the one she was was virgin. The girl she looks at in the mirror may yet be pure and fine and true. But she is different; changed. Of her, far more

truly than when King Lear makes the statement about Cordelia, we must truly say:

**"When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen."**

Of such things a young girl should think.

Holy Mother Church has two ways of looking at every sin: in a certain way **before** it is committed; in another way **after** it is committed. The two views are not contradictory. They are sensible and merciful and brimful of love for poor human nature. Before the sin, Holy Mother Church pleads: "Don't do evil." After the sin, Holy Mother Church pleads: "Don't despair."

The forgiven girl should dry her eyes and lift her chin and pluck up her drooping heart. She can, if she will, become the finest of women: pure, true and—praise God!—humble to the core of her being. She can be a splendid wife and a perfect mother. Yes, she can be a holy nun, if God should call. Happiness waits for her, and heaven, too. She must know that we do not trust in ourselves and that we do not save ourselves. Our faith and our sure trust is in Christ Jesus, who died to save us from all evil. Peace be to you, dear, sorry, forgiven girl!

And you, lovely and fair, who have never needed to be so forgiven: For God's dear love, need it never.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother . . . and Mary Magdalen."

YOU [SHOULD] REMIND ME OF YOUR [BLESSED] MOTHER

DID you ever wonder why artists so generally employ models?

The task of the artist is to reproduce in some medium, either with oils or water colors on a flat surface, or in stone or wood, or with pen and ink on paper, a vision or an idea or an ideal. The vision or the idea or the ideal really exists first within the artist, in his imagination and intellect. Strictly speaking, he could paint or draw purely from the picture in his imagination or the concept in his mind, without any external assistance in the form of a model. But if the artist works exclusively from his own interior resources, there is commonly a danger that his finished product will be somehow deficient: it may lack depth or accuracy or reality; his art may not be true. In any event, it is usually easier, if nothing else, for the artist to work from a model. The strain upon mind and imagination is lessened, doubts are more quickly resolved; the clear reality stands firm before his eyes, giving sureness and conviction to his inner vision and feeding a steady brilliance to his fading inspiration.

The Catholic girl, like every Christian, is a veritable artist. Her task is to reproduce, not on paper or on canvas, but in her own life, a vision and an idea and an ideal. The vision is the vision of perfect Christian girlhood; and if, in any particular case,

the vision is not also an ideal, an objective truly to be gained, then that girl is trading on a false name when she terms herself Catholic. Absolutely speaking, the young girl can try to perform her work of living art by consulting the dream and the knowledge that are within her, by trying to reproduce in her life all that she has heard of virtue and goodness. Yet always there is the risk of inaccuracy and distortion, and always there is the danger—so sadly common with us poor mortals!—of a fading inner inspiration. It is so much safer and so much easier if the young girl has a living model of the ideal before her eyes, a model that she can watch and learn to know, a model that will inform her doubting mind and call back her wandering heart. The Catholic girl possesses such a model, of course. It is Mary, the Mother of God.

Any Catholic girl of any age may securely reflect that the peerless maid of Nazareth was once her own age, and may profitably wonder what that wondrous girl would have done under these present circumstances. The Catholic girl then proceeds to act in precisely such a way. The ease and simplicity of the formula are almost startling, and the process is fool-proof. All that is needed is to look at the Model. When the Catholic girl goes wrong, it is certain that she has closed her eyes to the

Model. If the Catholic girl turns completely bad, it is certain that, for a long time now, she has not looked at the Model. There is no margin of error in this sure formula. As long as the girl-eyes are fixed on the lovely Model, the Model—Mother of Christ!—will shine through the girl, and all the world will be brighter and holier and happier.

What does Our Lady model for her girls? Only what is best, for the best is none too good for them, and the best is scarcely worthy of her. She models modesty. And truth. And kindness. And purity. And humility. And courage.

Say, if you like, that these things are not what the world needs. What, then? Does the world we know need more boldness in its girls, more lies, more cruelty, more lust, more pride, more cowardice? For the virtues of Mary an anguished world, even when it knows it not, hungers and cries out. And the world may not have the sweet goodness of the Model, unless loving girls reflect the Model in their lives.

Not only a tortured world, but Holy Mother Church, heroically struggling against the rising tide of evil in the world, looks to her girls for those good things which alone will help, the saving, shining virtues of the Model. Holy Mother Church has a little fragment of prayer which she speeds to Our Lady on Mary's feast-days: "Holy Mary . . . pray for the devoted feminine sex." To what end would Mother Church so pray? That her girls may be like God's best Girl, modest and true and kind and pure and humble and strong.

Make no mistake about it: here too is the hope of every Catholic boy, when he dreams of the girl who will be his wife. Girls make many mistakes about boys, but perhaps none is more common than this, that they mistake what a Catholic boy really wants in his wife. The vision of the dear Model is surprisingly explicit and vivid in the minds of Catholic lads, and from this vision flows that of the ideal girl to marry. The Catholic boy who is thinking of marriage is clear on one point: he wants to be reminded of his Mother.

For Catholic children, of course, there is a lovely confusion between their two Mothers, the one on earth and the one in heaven. It would be a pity, and it would leave a scar on small hearts, if when children, in their turn, learn to know the Model Mother, they are forced to perceive a sad contrast between Mother in heaven and mother at home.

Finally, the reproduction of the goodness of the Model is what a girl's own heart craves. Come what may and say what you will, the heart of woman was not made for evil. Evil may seduce a woman's heart, as it will surely torture it and finally break it, but by a sure instinct the heart of woman cries out for goodness. These are the things she really loves: modesty and truth and kindness and purity and humility and courage.

Look to the Model. They day must come, you know, when you will stand before Him who is best equipped to judge of a resemblance like this. God grant He may smile upon you, and open wide His arms, and say: "Yes! You do remind Me of My Mother!"



"LA PUCELLE"

Continued from page 354

and her words to Cauchon were cruel, "Bishop, I die through you." To the stake she went wearing a paper crown with the words, "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater." And on May 30, 1431, her mortal body turned to ashes and was scattered into the Seine. John Tressart, as the flames burnt high, gave the decision for the future, "We are lost, we have burnt a saint."

Maid of Orleans, wave your sword high and

keep your banner straight. For you still have a mission to perform, to help the France of today again find her soul, to bring peace where there is disorder; love where there is hate; stability where there is insecurity; and the path to God where the forces of darkness threaten. Maid of Orleans, you may hold your head high, for though your body exists not, your spirit fires the weary minds of many of us.



Fr. Hilary Ottensmeyer, O.S.B.



NE of the most interesting characters in the history of monastic musicians is the monk Guido of Arezzo. From his writing we would sketch him as a small, dark-complexioned Frenchman, who should have had bright, beady eyes peering out from under his black, Benedictine hood. There is an expression of shrewdness about his features. This is the type of man that speaks to us through some very discerning and castigating pages of medieval Latin. One choice passage would suffice to prove this. In it he shows his free disgust for all singers, except those who use his new system of notation.

In these our times no set of men are so foolish as singers; in every other art we improve, and in time attain to a greater degree of knowledge than we derived from our teachers... He who has pruned one vine, planted one shrub, or loaded one ass, is able not only to do the same again, but to do it better; but, miserable disciples of singers, they, though they should practise every day for a hundred years, would never be able to sing even one little antiphon themselves, nor without the help of a master, but lose as much time in attaining to sing as would have enabled them fully to understand the Divine Writ.

He then proceeds to set forth the merits of his own improved methods with glowing terms, telling how his little boys can outdo those who have spent years in learning the anti-

phony. In this way, with the freedom of one who has passed beyond the common obstacles, did Guido reprove his contemporaries.

But even Guido could not claim complete independence from the past. Before him, giving him the benefit of many trials and errors, came a long line of musicians, about whom we know little, and often nothing at all. Chief among these, and belonging also to the Benedictine family, were Huchbald, monk of the monastery of St. Amand-sur-Elmon near Tournai, and Hermannus Contractus, of Reichenau Abbey, Switzerland. Hunchbald, author of the *Musica Enchiridialis*, worked for a while on the Latin letter system described in the *De Institutione* of Beothius, and finally evolved the Dazian system of notation. This system had eighteen different symbols to indicate melodic intervals. These were placed at the beginning of a large staff, upon which were strung the syllables of the text. Hermannus Contractus developed a set of letters to be put over the syllables to indicate the rise and fall of the melody. But of course, if you made one mistake, you were out of tune from then on. The most these two systems could do was to refresh the memory.

From among these and various other attempts at notation, there evolved three main systems: 1) those originating from ancient grammatical accents of the spoken word—chironomic notation. 2) The various systems placing dots over

and under the syllables—dot or Aquitanian notation. 3) Those combining the two systems listed above—mixed notation.

These three systems of notation definitely lacked musical precision, and Guido often laments the fact that it takes at least ten years of careful practice, and in addition a good musical ear, to become familiar with the antiphony. To select a few passages from the *Micrologus*: "There is no uniformity of music at this day in the churches; for there are as many kinds of antiphons as there are masters... Scarce the scholar with the master can agree, and much less one scholar with another." Thus many half-successful attempts, much confusion and discord, bickering and jangled nerves characterized the musical era into which Guido came.

Guido was born near Paris about 995. We know nothing of his parentage or his earliest years. He comes first to our attention when he entered the monastery of St. Maur des Fosses, near Paris. He early began the study of music, evolving his Solfeggio system of singing, and his graphic method of notation, which will be discussed later. It seems that his discoveries made him unpopular in his own rather conservative monastery, so he joined the community at Pomposa near Ferrara, Italy. The same bad luck befell him there, which implies that he might not have been too diplomatic in the presentation of his discoveries, and so he moved on to the monastery at Arezzo, also in Italy. Here he perfected his system and won the approval of all, so much so that John XIX (1024-1033) sent for him to learn the value of this discovery for himself. Pope John was amazed at the ease with which he was soon able to sing entirely unfamiliar chant melodies. He invited Guido to remain and teach the Roman clergy, but the climate of Rome made it impossible for Guido to stay there. He first returned to Pomposa, which had formerly opposed him, but now received him with open arms. He stayed there a short while, after which he returned

to Arezzo. There are different accounts of how he spent the remainder of his life. Some say he died at Arezzo, while others, relying on the chronicle of a Camaldolese monastery near Avellano, say that he died there as prior in the year 1050. What we know of his interesting life comes mainly from a letter Guido wrote to a friend entitled *Epistola Michaeli monacho Pomposiano*.

There is much discussion on Guido's exact role in the history of the formation of the familiar four line Gregorian staff. It seems clear that there were staves of seven, eight, and ten lines long before the time of Guido. Whether Guido knew of these or not, we do not know. But about the time of Hermannus Contractus, singers were using a single imaginary line above the text to gauge the intervals of the neums. In time someone did put a real line there, a red line, and called it F. Later a yellow or green line was added and named C. Guido's contribution rather lies in the fact that by the use of F and C as clef signs, allowing them to be inverted at times, and by using also the lines and the spaces to show the melodic intervals. Whether he got his idea from observing fingers on the parallel strings of a musical instrument, or from seeing birds sitting at various levels on a rail fence around a goat lot, as some suggest, is of little importance. Some ancient manuscripts even attribute his discoveries to direct inspiration from heaven, and indeed, the results to the musical world did almost seem to justify the claim of revelation.

Guido gave another impetus to the science of music by his Solfeggio system of notation. In times past, the notes had been named according to the letters of the Greek and Roman alphabets, and it seems certain that St. Gregory the Great had narrowed it down to the first seven of the Roman alphabet, establishing a semitone between B and C, and between E and F, allowing a whole

tone interval between the other letters. These served only as poor guides to the singer when placed over a syllable, and much time was taken before the ear could be sufficiently developed to sing from this method. While at the Second Vespers of the feast of St. John the Baptist, Guido noticed that in the Hymn "*Ut queant laxis*," the first note at the beginning of each melodic strophe rested on the succeeding note of a scale, in this manner:



He reasoned that by thus fixing a note to a syllable, in time the relationship between the notes would so impress itself upon the mind of the singer that he could later sing a new melody with these syllables and then substitute the text, proceeding without error. He himself proudly writes that his little boy choristers, who, "not being able to read the common psalter, are yet capable of singing the music to it, and can without the help of a master sing the notes, though they cannot pronounce the words." This was the origin of the familiar *Do, Re, Mi*. The top syllable, "Si" is made up from the first letters of the two words *Sancte Ioannes*. Because this last note is changeable, being sometimes flatted, it was not definitely named until about the XVI century. The last modification of this notation system was the substitution of "Do" for "Ut." This change is first mentioned in a treatise written in 1673.

In all, there are six works attributed to Guido in Migne's collection of early Latin writers. We cannot be certain that he is the author of all of them, but the following three are considered to be undoubtedly authentic. There is the

longest of them all, his *Micrologus de disciplina artis musicae*, or as it is more commonly known, his *Micrologus*, meaning a short discourse. In it he attributes his success in music to the help of God and his patron Theodald, the bishop of Arezzo. He explains the affinity of notes, and the relationships between the eight modes or scales of the Chant. The fifteenth chapter is particularly important to students trying to ascertain the rhythm and melodic form of the chant. His *Regulae de ignoto cantu* is a prologue to the antiphony he arranged to his new staff notation, and contains in brief much of what is in the *Micrologus*. The *Epistola Michaeli monacho Pomposiano* is also a brief explanation of his innovations in music, and is our best source for an insight into the mind of the fiery little musician.

The impetus Guido's work gave to music is clearly discernible to our own day. Through his contributions, order could be brought about among the conflicting schools of music by a precise indication of the melodic intervals. Precious time could be saved by those whose duty it was to sing the chants of the Church. The elimination of guesswork and a dependence on fickle human memories made possible the entrance of the more difficult musical forms of polyphony. From polyphony we can trace the various steps to the accomplishment of the great composers of later centuries. Thus his work forms the immediate foundation for the exact preservation of the beautiful chants of his own day, and the remote preparation for music as we know it now.

We believe nothing so firmly as what we least know.

—Michel De Montaigne.

Sticks and stones are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees.

—Persian Proverb



THE REAL DELINQUENCY BEHIND OUR DELINQUENTS

By *Billee Eckert Martin...*

"The young people of today are no worse than the young people were in the last generation".

"The young people of today are increasingly lax in their morals and delinquent in their conduct. It is a matter for gravest concern".

There you have the two sides of the question—a question that is being discussed in all ranks of society, all walks of life, proponents for both sides being ever ready and voluble. The best defense generally made for our youth is by way of being a weak one, that they are **NO WORSE** than their contemporaries of another generation. It might well be that with the many superior material advantages they possess, they **SHOULD** be **BETTER**!

Be that as it may, the facts point remorselessly to the certainty that crime, in both petty and major form, is on the increase among the juveniles and adolescents of today.

Why should this be so? The fact that youthful offenders are not confined to any one social or economic strata gives body to the suggestion that there is some deeply dominant reason for this too general tendency of our youngsters and teen-agers to disregard the laws of God and man. It would be seemly if instead of idly discussing the problem of their behavior, we should delve deeply for the reason behind it, and to seek in all sincerity to remedy or remove the cause.

We might begin by cancelling out economic pressure, for while theft in its various categories is one of the commonest crimes in the juvenile bracket, much of this theft is committed by children of families well able and willing to indulge their offspring in all their material wants and whims. Car theft is one of the frequent crimes in the juvenile division. Police records show without question that many of these cars are stolen by children of wealthy or fairly well to do families, with the use of the family car already at their disposal. But they elected to steal a car that belonged to someone else, sometimes in order to use the car in the commission of some other crime, sometimes "just for a thrill."

Houseburglaries, strongarmings, pursesnatchings, armed robberies are perpetrated daily throughout the country by lads in their teens, and sometimes even younger. More and more often we read of girls, often in the tenderest years, being involved in these lawless escapades.

Again, WHY? Not lack of formal schooling; education, "book learning". Indeed, the young people of today have a manifold advantage over the children of any preceding generation in these respects. Physical ignorance cannot be blamed for their deviation from the moral laws. Not the fault of the teachers and educators of the country, who strive nobly and often thanklessly

to develop through their minds a precept for right living, is the defiance our young people hurl at the standards of right and decency.

And yet and again our papers carry the accounts of crimes; sordid, revolting, soul-dismaying, committed by those who should be in the flower of their innocence.

"Two boys, aged fifteen and seventeen, kill motorist who gives them a lift; burn body." "Ten year old boy admits torturing and killing playmate, for thrill." "Fourteen year old girl unable to explain why she killed baby left in her care." Sickening to contemplate, these typical headlines are an irrefutable indictment against us all.

For the blame for this appalling situation lies foursquare on the adults who, instead of shaking their heads in despair at the situation, and glumly stating that "children are getting worse all the time", might be taking very positive steps to change this picture. For with all their material advantages far too many children of today have yet one great unfulfilled need—the need for **SPIRITUAL** education. And true spiritual guidance for a child comes first from within the home, from the teachings and the living example of the parents or those charged with the rearing of the child.

Look back, you who read these words, to the time of your own

childhood. I look backward to mine, and it was likely comparable to yours. At least, it was typical of the times. I was taught to say prayers as soon as I was able to talk. More important, I was made aware of WHAT A PRAYER WAS. No mere lip service was my teaching. A prayer WAS a prayer, even to my baby mind, and not just some words I had learned to recite.

Children, for some divinely wonderful reason, take aptly to teachings of grace and benignity. BUT THEY MUST BE TAUGHT! I was impressed, with no harshness, and yet with no margin for doubt, that to tell an untruth was wrong, and punishable as a wrong. To steal? To take something that did not belong to me? The implication of the awfulness of that offense was clear to me as far back as I can remember. To cheat was to both lie and steal, and reprehensible as both. To bear malice, to envy, to hate, to do harm to another—ah, how I was shown, by a multitude of lessons and quoted examples of their wrong, and of the unworthiness of those who indulged in those sins.

In short, I was taught the commandments, in an easy, loving way, with the living examples of their observance before me in the person of my beloved father and mother.

A child's natural impulse is to love and revere its parents. But children have a startling aptitude for sensing the false, and lessons in right living taught to a child are no stronger in their effect than the living example of the teachers.

I spoke recently to the mother of two children. A sophisticated, poised, outwardly charming social leader, she was pleased when I praised the manners and deportment of her fourteen year old son, Gilbert. Yes, Gilbert was a doll, but he was, she confided, something of a problem to her.

I asked her what she meant.

"Well," she replied, "I think he is too sensitive. He gets the oddest ideas, and goes into regular spells of melancholy."

"Melancholy?" I queried. "Melancholy in a fourteen year old boy?"

"Yes," she answered, "Just a short time ago he had quite a spell. He

just sat around and brooded for days on end. Wouldn't eat, wouldn't play, would scarcely answer when spoken to. Just sat and stared. I couldn't imagine what on earth was wrong with him. I thought perhaps there was something that he wanted, and couldn't get out of his allowance, so I told him I would get him whatever he wanted. Then he said that there wasn't anything he wanted, not anything. But one night I went to his room and found him crying like a six year old. I was worried, thinking he was ill, but of all the silly things! Do you know what caused all the fuss?"

I said I had no idea, and asked her what it was.

With a peal of laughter she answered, "Well, about two weeks before that Bobby, his younger brother, said that two dollars was gone out of his desk. I just thought he lost it and didn't want to say so, so I gave him another two dollars. But it seems that Gilbert took the money, and was suffering from the horrible pangs of remorse! Wouldn't that just KILL YOU?"

Her manner in telling this was the perfect manner of the good story teller. The four other women present laughed, as she had expected they would. It seemed to be a very funny joke.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"Say? Oh, why I laughed at the silly kid, of course," she gaily answered. "I told him that he hadn't committed any crime, and that there was no reason for him to go around like a mourner. After all, ALL children do things like that!"

If you had been there, my friend, would you have laughed at this monstrous "joke"? Or would your heart have sickened a little? Of course here was something Gilbert wanted. The struggling soul of the sensitive boy wanted guidance, wanted comfort. He HAD done wrong, and he knew it. He did not want to be told that he had not done wrong. He wanted to confess his mistake and receive the healing balm of forgiveness and understanding. He wanted to be helped not to repeat his sin. He was contrite; he was ashamed; he was ready to be

cleansed of any further temptation toward wrongdoing.

Instead, what did he receive? He received ridicule for being serious; a laughing belittlement, if not condemnation of what appeared to him in its true light, a serious wrong. What do you imagine the ultimate consequence will be of this warring of his own innate intuition for righteousness against the weakening indulgence and sophisticated pampering of this modern mother?

I know a brilliant, successful man today—a man who has made for himself a place in the world of which he can be justly proud. He is admired by all. He is one of the few men one meets whom everybody likes, instinctively. He is a GOOD man. He confessed to me once that he had had a lesson in leaving the paths of righteousness as a child that would never leave him.

His mother was in the habit of sending him to the grocery store with a credit book wherein the grocer charged the purchased items. Settlement was made at the end of the week, a common practise in that day. A lad of about nine, he succumbed one day to the lure of some delicious looking chocolate cookies. Although chocolate cookies were definitely not on his mother's frugal grocery list, he purchased fifteen cents worth, and had the grocer put them on the bill. On the way home he gulped them down and discarded the paper sack. His mother did not notice the unlisted item charged against her, or, if she did, she was too wise a mother to mention it then.

But the cookies turned to lead in his stomach. You see, he loved and revered his mother, and the more he thought of having cheated her, of having actually stolen from her, the sicker he got in body and spirit. After two days of growing misery he broke down and confessed his offense to her.

What did this wise mother do? Did she laugh at him for having a conscience, and tell him that THAT wasn't stealing? He says she most definitely did none of these things. "She preached to me for an hour, and made me feel as though I could never live down the thought that I

had disappointed her," he said, grinning wryly, "and then she gave me what was good for me, so that I wouldn't forget the lesson!"

And he never did forget; but what he remembered most was the hurt look that had come into his dear mother's eyes, the hurt that he had known would be there when she learned he had failed in the conduct she expected of him.

Perhaps somewhere between these two cases lies the story of our "juvenile delinquency" situation of today. Two factors are to be reckoned with. Children are natural imitators. And they strive always

to emulate those they love, admire, and respect. If they love, admire and respect their parents enough, they will strive to imitate them.

Parents, try to earn that love, admiration, and respect! And then, with half the battle won, yourselves lead the kind of a life that you would want your son or daughter to use as a pattern!

From your child's first steps, teach him to walk with God. With his first words, teach him to praise his Almighty Father. Deprive him not of the wonderful teachings that are his rightful heritage. Initiate him into the solace and benediction

of walking within the folds of the Church. Parenthood or guardianship imposes a solemn responsibility for which an accounting must be made. Discharge your responsibility so that the child in your care will grow up to be a credit and a glory to you, to his country, and to his God.

Perhaps there would be fewer young people who violated all laws to "take what they want" if more of them were taught the beauty and the truth of "ASK, AND THOU SHALT RECEIVE"!

OH, DEAR, THOSE CHILDREN!

"It's bedtime!!" Mother Nature said:
But did her children go to bed?
Oh, no! They played all night instead!

The Star Kids romped about the sky
Until the Sun's great yellow eye
Glared at their antics from on high.

All day the lazy Moonflower slept,
For Dusk her fragrant charms she kept—
And Mother Nature chide and wept.

The Mocking Bird stayed up all night
And murdered sleep until daylight,
Then winged his weary nestward flight.

The Night Moth flirted all night long,
To honeyed flowers he sang his song
Till dawning winds blew fresh and strong.

At last with no more tears to weep,
Too tired to further vigil keep,
Poor Mother Nature sank to sleep.

... HALLIE WHITAKER



You Can Change The World

by Rev. James Keller

Published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$3.00.

I bet you never thought that you could change the world! Or did you have that dream of youth that maturity saw grow dim and finally fade away? Then you can bring it back. For you can change the world. How? There is a book on it: **YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD** by Father James Keller.

A short time ago I was in Spain. In Madrid a reporter from one of the daily papers asked to interview me about Catholicism in the United States. He wanted to know why it was that America with all its leadership in so many other fields is so far behind in Religion. Why are there 70 million Americans who do not go to any Church? What are the Catholic priests and the Catholic people doing about this sad state of affairs, this widespread indifference to God and religion?

What are they doing? They are certainly doing something, but they are not doing enough. And I think that the real reason why more is not being done, *especially by the Catholic people*, is because they do not know what they can do about it, nor how to go about it. The answer is in this book by Father Keller. You can change the United States. You can make it Christian. You can put God back into the United States even though He has been outlawed in the schools of our land. You can put Christ and His Blessed Mother into the lives of millions if you become an influence, no matter how small, in the lives of those with whom you come into contact.

Many books come into the Grail Office for review. Very often I only glance at them and pass them on to the editor for review. But this book, **YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD**, did not get out of my hands until I had read every page of it. And it changed me enough to make me sit down right now and pass on to you the fact that this is a book *you* must read. After that, you can start changing the world about you, for **YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD!**

—Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

OUR READING ROOM



DANTE THEOLOGIAN: THE DIVINE COMEDY. Translated by Patrick Cummins, O.S.B. B. Herder Book Company. \$6.00.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Lawrence Grant White. Pantheon Books. \$6.50.

It is to be wondered at that two translations of the same great work should appear at the same time; also amazing is the fact that they are so different. Father Patrick's work is translated into verse, *terza rima*, following the original; Mr. White's translation is prose, flowing and vivid. Mr. White aims to tell the story as simply as possible; Father Patrick aims at telling the story in the original form. Because of the limitations thus placed upon the Benedictine Danteist, his translation is far more difficult to read; However, in retaining the rhyme, he was able to present more of the original music of the work.

Mr. White's work is merely a translation, and as such needs no

further reviewing than the words: "It is a good translation, worth reading even by those who are not Dante scholars; the story is well told." Father Patrick's work, on the other hand was inspired by the encyclical *Fulgens Radiatur* of Pope Benedict XV, and was made primarily because the translator was dissatisfied with other translations. Besides translating the poem, he has added a theological commentary which shows him to be not only a great Danteist, despite his self-admitted late introduction to Dante, but also a great theologian. But, possibly, what will stand as his greatest feat is his exact use of the rhyme of the Florentine, even to the reproduction of the feminine ending throughout. Father Patrick's translation is a necessity for scholars, and recommended for even the average reader; Mr. White's translation on the other hand is recommended for the learned scholar, but a must for the average reader.

THE LOVED ONE. Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown and Company. 164 pp. \$2.50.

Again the most brilliant satirist of our time scores a literary triumph. This time the victim of his scathing pen is America, and particularly Hollywood, with its misbegotten ideas of death. The viciousness with which he attacks the obscene mortuary customs of flamboyant America proves again his right to the title, *A Twentieth Century Dean Swift*. Admittedly, his incisive verbal surgery is hard to stomach; in his own words, "This is a nightmare and in parts, perhaps, somewhat gruesome. The squeamish should return their copies to the library or to the bookstore unread."

The plot is simple; it deals with the love of Dennis Barlow, a young English poet who has become head mortician at Happier Hunting Grounds, a mausoleum for cats, dogs, and other pets that have passed on (the words die, death, decease, and their like are never used in *The Loved One*), toward Aimee Thanatogenos, head cosmeti-

cian at Whispering Glades, where the Waiting Ones can dispose of The Loved Ones "by entombment, inurnment, or immurement, but many people just lately prefer insarcophagusment." The head mortician at Whispering Glades, Mr. Joyboy (we stand in continual amazement at Waugh's Dickensian ability to coin names), is the third corner to the romantic triangle, which ends with the death of Miss Thanatogenos. The book ends when her body is incinerated at Happier Hunting Grounds, while Dennis makes a note to have a form postcard sent to Mr. Joyboy every year: "Your little Aimee is wagging her tail in heaven and thinking of you today."

This masterpiece of satire by Evelyn (pronounced Evil in) Waugh is a must on the list of anyone who is willing to have his stomach turned by a picture of the absurd lengths people will go to in order to avoid thinking or speaking of the inevitable. Extremely, though brutally, entertaining, no discriminating adult who reads the English language should miss this most perfect picture of a portion of American life since Mark Twain brought the Mississippi to life. J.M.M.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER.

Graham Greene. Viking. \$3.00.

It is far from easy to review a novel like *THE HEART OF THE MATTER*, for the man who tries, is not only reporting on a novel by one of the leading authors of our time. And in reviewing it, comparison of it with the latest work from the pen of Evelyn Waugh, though odious, is inevitable. In order that the comparison may be made and forgotten, let it be said that where *THE LOVED ONE* marked Waugh as a major figure in the field of satire, *THE HEART OF THE MATTER* reaffirms the proposition that Graham Greene is a major figure in the field of letters.

The plot of the book is stupendous. Major Scobie, a man who has had almost everything he could want of life, is unhappily married. He conceals his unhappiness, even from

his wife, however, because he pities her and wants to keep from hurting her. This is the clue to the whole book. Scobie's unwillingness to hurt anyone leads him, despite his name "Scobie the Just", to become involved in traitorous transactions with a Syrian merchant in the South African Community where the British government has stationed him, to lie, and cheat, to commit adultery, to murder his servant Ali, and finally to receive Communion sacrilegiously. Then because, in his own warped mind, he pities God for having created him, he commits suicide.

However, lest it be thought that the book is no more than a picture of a man falling from goodness to sin, it must be stated, that the whole story is little more than a presentation of a series of facts, leading up to an implied question, "Was Scobie saved?" asked on the last page. Father Rank, the pastor in the colony, expresses the belief that Scobie did, and that he was saved. The reader may form his own opinion on the matter. This reviewer has formed his own.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER is a magnificent study of a man with a warped mentality, who loves no one, but pities everyone. Scobie is so convinced that he is more fortunate than most, that he is amazed, finally, to find that there are those who pity him as he becomes extricated in the net he weaves for himself. Even the reader must pity him when he takes under his wing the war widow, Mrs. Rolt, who finally becomes his mistress because he pities her too much to let her face the cruel world. Then when his wife returns, and he, in pity, conceals his infidelity from her, we realize the horror of his situation, and feel the more revulsion for a man so misled.

This is a book that only a Catholic could have written; it is a book that only a Catholic can fully appreciate, it is a book which any one who wishes both intelligent and at the same time brilliantly vivid reading, must try. It is a masterpiece.

J. M. M.

THE END—a first novel by Hugh Venning. Desmond and Stapleton, Buffalo, N. Y., Price \$3.00.

The apocalyptic destruction of the world has always been a tempting theme for ambitious novelists. Msgr. Robert H. Benson gave us two separate accounts in *Lord of the World* and *Dawn of All*. While the advanced scientific inventions he describes seemed fantastic to his contemporaries, they are much less strange and are nearer to realization today. *The End* is not so plausible nor as gripping as either of Monsignor Benson's books. Hugh Venning is "projecting" (not "prophesying") into the middle of the 21st century. Pope Benedict XX is in exile, really in flight from 666, the Antichrist, reigning from St. Peter's in Rome.

While the story is interesting and in a few places gripping, it sags often. Some of us may have hoped that by 2050 the English "lords" as such will have ceased to exist. From Owen Dudley's books we have developed a strong dislike for perpetually vacationing Britishers, who go from mansion to castle, and from castle to Lake, seeking relief from ennui, but always finding and creating more of it.

To narrate here the surprise events of the story and the author's account of the British Empire in 2050 would be to deprive the reader of the novel of some of the best of the book. The treatment is complimentary to the Poles, Canadians, and Irish. It shows the English their materialism and their stoicism in the face of utter destruction without in the least offending them. There is nothing frightening or even exciting about the end as Venning depicts it. Even the battle between the forces of St. Michael and those of Antichrist is described only in a news dispatch over the radio. One is often disappointed at the author's completely passing over possible dramatic material to spend pages over afternoon tea. Even the mysterious apparitions of 666 in an English garden evoke no comment from the characters who witness them. The lights (stars) falling

from the heavens are "lanterns to the work which the Pope and Plummer and Mr. Emmanuel were just finishing." Early reviewers have rightly pointed to the irony and dry wit in the book. The appropriateness of the parables of Our Savior to people in 2050, and recurrence of the "rich young man" and Mary Magdalen, and others are happy strokes of the writer's pen.

The Canticle of Canticles. By William Pouget, C.M. and Jean Guilton. Translated by Joseph L. Lilly, C.M. McMullen. \$3.00.

The first publication of *The Catholic Scripture Library*, this book will soon take a place in the vanguard of discussions of the much controverted Sapiential books. It does not propose a new or a different interpretation of the Canticle, but it does present an accepted interpretation in a new and clearer light. Likewise it presents a new and (thanks be) intelligible translation of the book under consideration.

Divided into five chapters, the discussion of the Canticle covers its literary nature, its history, its moral lessons, and all of the mystical senses that might be given the Canticle. The Second part is the above-mentioned new translation. All of this, evidently, makes the book quite complete and authoritative. Particularly interesting is the chapter on dating the Canticle by means of the vocabulary.

From what has been said, however, it must evidently appear that this discussion is not intended for the ordinary public, but rather for Scripture scholars and exegetes. However, for those qualified to read it, this book is undoubtedly one of those which may not be omitted in a Study of the Canticle of Canticles.

—Joseph M. Miller

Lady of Fatima, a play in two acts by Urban Nagle, O.P. (Declan X. McMullen Co., 23 Beekman St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.) Price 85¢.

This is a delightful presentation of the whole Fatima story based on well-known and authentic accounts.

The play is necessarily laden with a royalty that may make it prohibitive for small audiences. The cast calls for 17 men, 10 women, 3 children, and additional townspeople, pilgrims, and others. The matter of staging is relatively simple, and full directions for stage business and positions are given with the text. There is a strain of humor running all through the play to offset the depressing skepticism of some of Fatima's population. The human interest in the portrayal of the children, and especially of their "cellmates," in the Ourem prison, is most pleasing. Besides the various scenes arrangement is given for prescenes so that the effect of the story can be watched on men of various degrees of credence and incredulity. The New York Blackfriars' production, lasting 43 nights, was sold out by opening night, and was extended for twenty more performances.

The two pamphlets listed below are prepared for all Catholics, though their contents are used only in the Liturgy, according to the Greek Rite of the Byzantine-Slavonic branch. These booklets are recommended to the youth of the Greek Rite and to the faithful of the Latin Rite, so that the understanding between all faithful of the Universal Church might become greater and the bonds closer. Such idea was always before the minds of the Roman Pontiffs. It is very beautifully expressed in the words of Pope Pius XI of blessed memory: "The purpose of the Roman Pontiffs was to uphold at all times all the Eastern Rites in their integrity ... We desire that this glorious tradition of the Catholic Church be solicitously and vigilantly kept alive ... This variety of Rites is wonderfully beautiful, like a combined harmony of the voices of earth and heaven ..."

The Public Part of the Divine Liturgies according to the Catholic Church of the Greek Rite of the Byzantine-Slavonic branch (Holy Masses of Saints John and Chrysostom and Basil the Great) A.D. 1947. Price 25¢.

Some Public Devotions to the Lord Our God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary according to the Catholic Church of the Greek Rite. Price 25¢. Both may be ordered with English and Slavonic texts from Reverend Julius Grigassy, D.D., 431 George Street, Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Three Gifts of God by Rev. Nelius Downing. (The Assisians, 7627 N. Rogers Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.) Price 10¢ or \$7 a hundred. This is a short devotional pamphlet containing three fervorinos, one on the Holy Mass, one on Holy Communion, and one on the Real Presence as the Object of our Eucharistic visits.

Little Joseph (The Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin) 75¢ is the true life story of a remarkable lad of our own time. It is the edifying story of Joseph Lampe as written by one who knew him intimately, Lucy Ellen Bresson, his grand-aunt. Although originally written for a small group of friends and relatives, "Little Joseph" was discovered by a Benedictine Father who edited it for publication. The fervor, freshness, and simplicity of the inspired writing has been admirably maintained. "Little Joseph" is priced at 75¢ in bristol binding, and makes a worthwhile addition to the reading matter of any home, particularly those with children. The 89-page booklet will provide the inspiration and good example so lacking in much of the literature published for children.

Courtesy, Courtship and Marriage by Austin J. App, Ph.D., (2615 W. Craig Pl., San Antonio, Tex.) Price \$1.00.

Here are seventeen valuable articles collected from various magazines for which they were prepared. Dr. App pulls no punches. When he writes on "How a Girl Should Decline an Undesirable Date" or "How Not to Choose a Mate" or "If He Doesn't Propose" he takes the bull by the horns and throws him. This is wholesome, straight-from-the-shoulder advice for any youth, boy or girl.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Last Hours of A Beloved Missionary

Recently Father Bernard Beck, O.S.B. had a letter from Sister Modesta, O.S.B., a student nurse at Sacred Heart Hospital, Yankton, South Dakota, giving a vivid account of the last hours of our dear Father Sylvester Eisenman, O.S.B., late superior of the Indian Mission at Marty, S. D. Father Sylvester succumbed to a heart attack September 14. We are deeply grateful to Sister Modesta for this pen picture of Father Sylvester's last moments on earth. She writes:

"The death of Father Sylvester came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky and was a shock to all of us. Aunt Bernie, Father Sylvester's aunt, left here early in September. She had been caring for him. After her departure Sister Emerentia told me to take charge of him. On the morning of September fourteenth I was in his room straightening his bed while he had gone to the bathroom. Suddenly he came dashing out of the bathroom gasping: 'Sister, I am fainting.' I helped him to his chair and soon another nurse came and we helped him to bed. The three doctors who had just been in his room were still on the hospital floor making their rounds. They immediately appeared on the scene and began giving Father Sylvester oxygen and other medications. The

doctors agreed that the attack was due to a pulmonary embolism (blood clot in the lung) and that Father's condition was serious. Father Sylvester himself said that he was going to die and repeated ejaculatory

prayers. Father Frowin, the chaplain, was called to anoint him. It was about 10:30 A.M. when Father came from the bathroom, and at 12:15 P.M. he had already passed away. He was conscious until he



drew his last breath. Afterwards they did a post mortem on his body. Sister and I attended it, and saw the many embolisms (clots) in his left lung that caused his death. The picture accompanying this story was taken only a short time before Father Sylvester's death. It is difficult for us who were so close to him to measure the moral and spiritual stature of this great missionary. That he breathed a spirit of true missionary zeal as great as that of the Jesuit immortal, Father De Smet, and our own missionary abbot and bishop, Martin Marty, few who knew him will ever question. May God raise up more monks fired with this same Benedictine zeal for souls.

"Guests Are Never Lacking"

It is not for nothing that St. Benedict wrote one chapter of his Holy Rule on 'The Reception of Guests' for, as he says, "in a monastery guests are never lacking." Our most distinguished visitor this Fall was the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, Right Reverend Bernard Kaelin, O.S.B., who, accompanied by his genial secretary and chauffeur, Father Hugh Ferrington, O.S.B., of Conception Abbey, spent a week at St. Meinrad—October eighth to the fifteenth. On the day before the Abbot Primate left for O'Fallon, Missouri, we were honored by the visit of Abbot Raphael Heider, O.S.B. of Saint Martin's Abbey, Olympia, Washington. This was Abbot Raphael's first visit to Saint Meinrad.

On the evening of October twentieth the community welcomed as a guest a priest of the Indianapolis Diocese who has become nationally known in the last few years as an apostle of the Alcoholics Anonymous, Father Ralph Pfau. Father Pfau gave an interesting lecture to the community on the spirit and operations of the Alcoholics Anonymous Society, one of the most potent means today for reclaiming and rehabilitating the hopeless victims of alcoholism. On November seventeenth, 1946, Father Pfau held the first meeting of 'The Sons of Matt Talbot', a Catholic auxiliary of

Alcoholics Anonymous. Named after the heroic Irish workingman, Matt Talbot, who overcame the habit of drunkenness and lived a life of heroic sanctity, the Sons of Matt Talbot rapidly spread from Indianapolis to many other cities in the United States. So successful have his efforts been that Archbishop Schulte has released Father Pfau from all parish duties so that he can devote full time as the national director of this splendid new apostolate.

Knights and Asses

The monastery which is never lacking in guests must be prepared to welcome all kinds of visitors, distinguished as well as lowly. November the seventh the community welcomed a real knight in the forenoon, and the same evening a caravan of trained jackasses.

On Sunday morning of November seventh Sir John Craig, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, Knight of Malta, and Knight of St. Gregory, gave us an interesting lecture on 'Knighthood, Past and Present.' Sir John Craig does not look like a school girl's dream of Sir Galahad. He did not arrive at the monastery entrance full panoplied in white armor, and astride a bravely caparisoned horse. He is sixtyish, stout and full of good humor, a native of England, and the father of ten children. He is, however, a real knight, even if he doesn't look like one. His brilliant work for the Church in the realm of apologetics and the missions have merited for him the titles he bears so unassumingly.

Sir John did not mind sharing the limelight with Captain Jack Bartlett's trained donkeys who performed for the community in the college gymnasium the evening of November seventh. With sound equipment to furnish background and a circus atmosphere, Captain Bartlett turned his ten donkeys over to the college students and seminarians for two hours of slapstick comedy. Musical chairs, and polo limbered up the funnybone of the audience for the highlight of the evening, a donkey basket ball game.

No. no—the donkeys did not exactly dribble down the floor and shoot field goals, but the boys who tried to ride them did. The result at the end of the game was 10 to 2 in favor of the college boys, and I should add, a few bruises on tender spots—the casualties of the evening's sport.

Our New President of the Alumni

The St. Meinrad Alumni Association held its annual meeting on October nineteenth and twentieth at Indianapolis, Ind. Monsignor Albert Busald, pastor of St. Philip Neri Church was host to the priests. Representing the Abbey were Father Abbot Ignatius and Fathers Anselm, Herman, Jude and Richard. The new officers of the Association are: Rev. Francis Kienly, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Delphi, Indiana, president; Rev. Thomas Heilman, vice-president; Rev. Henry Ward, treasurer; Rev. John Cunningham, secretary. All the new officers are from the Lafayette Diocese. Next year's meeting will be held in Lafayette, Indiana. Father Abbot has appointed Father Ralph Lynch, O.S.B., to the new office of corresponding secretary. Father Ralph is Father Abbot's personal secretary.

About the Sick Brethren

Saint Teresa of Avila, that great-souled mystic whose heart was full of wholesome Christian laughter and gaiety once said that every religious community should be blessed with at least one sick member because it helps the community to exercise Christian charity and patience. If her observation is true, then Saint Meinrad's Abbey is richly blessed at present, for we have several very sick brethren. October twentieth Father Andrew Bauer, O.S.B. who was bedfast at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville since last August, returned to the Abbey. Father Andrew is considerably weaker after undergoing a series of operations, but his indomitable spirit of cheerfulness edifies all who meet him, and this in the face of excruciating hourly pain. Almost daily he says Mass in the infirmary chapel across from his room on the

second floor of the monastery. One of his few pleasures is a lively game of pinochle in the Fathers' reading room where his remarks about the indiscreet bidding of his partner keeps his confreres in stitches. We hope God spares Father Andrew for a long time. We need his "gemuetlich" presence. Brothers Philip and Wendelin are also very weak with the ravages of old age and illness. Brother Wendelin says very little, but Brother Philip, our ninety-one year old wonder, keeps us all well informed of his views about how anxious he is to die and go home to heaven. One may hear him any hour of the day, and of the night too, praying very loud in German in this strain: "My Dear God, My God, how long will you leave Philip here. When will you come and take him home to heaven?" Our Father Chrysostom Coons, O.S.B., former pastor of St. Ferdinand's Church in Ferdinand, is back home for a period of convalescence after being a patient at St. Joseph's Infirmary since late August. Father Chrysostom has hopes of getting strong enough by the first of the year to serve as chaplain somewhere. Since being relieved of his post in Ferdinand over a year ago Father has been serving as a chaplain at Saint Scholastica's Convent and Academy at Covington, Louisiana. This chaplaincy is under the charge of Abbot Columban of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana.

A Valiant Woman Is Called Home

Early on the morning of October 29th Our Lord called to her well-earned eternal reward Miss Katie Bosler, aged 82. Miss Kate, as she was affectionately known by her many friends, had served as housekeeper at Mary Help of Christians Church in Mariah Hill, Indiana, for sixty-four years. As a youngster of seventeen she came to the rectory sixty-four years ago to relieve the regular housekeeper who had been taken sick. At most she expected to be there a week or so. At the end of a month when it seemed that the regular housekeeper would never return to her duties again, Miss Kate debated whether or not she should remain on in the role of housekeeper for Father Maurice

Wagner, O.S.B. It was the advice of the saintly Abbot Fintan, second abbot of St. Meinrad's Abbey that decided her vocation; recognizing in the young woman the qualities which a housekeeper should possess, the virtue, and the industry, he told her that she should consider it her vocation. That Miss Kate regarded it as a call from God is proved by her fidelity to the work during the sixty-four years that followed. Her versatile gifts as organist for the church, choir director and housekeeper made her long apostolate a busy one. After 31 years' service under Father Maurice, she spent 29 years as housekeeper to Father Andrew, and four years under Father Matthew, present pastor at Mariah Hill. Miss Kate died at the Stork Hospital in Huntingburg, Indiana, as the result of a fall two weeks before her death. May her long faithful apostolate cheer the hearts of those valiant women who seriously give their life to the apostolate of serving the priests of Our Lord.

Home From Fatima and Rome

Father Paschal Boland, O.S.B., who left October first for Fatima, Portugal, and the Holy City of Rome, returned safe and in good health Monday evening November eighth. He brought back with him the statue of Our Lady of Fatima, carved by the famed Portuguese artist, Thedim, who carved the original statue of Our Lady which stands in the shrine at Fatima. The Pilgrim Lady only got as far as Evansville, Indiana where customs rules and official red tape have detained her. The hope is entertained by all that the Pilgrim Virgin can be enthroned on her pedestal of honor in the abbey church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8. Father Paschal had a short private audience with the Holy Father in Rome. His Holiness imparted a special Apostolic blessing to all the pilgrims who went in spirit to the shrine at Fatima through the pilgrimage of Father Paschal. A special Apostolic Blessing was imparted by his Holiness to all the benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey, and in particular to the Secular Oblates of Saint Benedict.

The Pied Piper Pipes Again

Thursday, November 18 the Minor Seminarians of St. Meinrad presented a comic operetta, "The Pied Piper of Hamlin Town" over station WITZ, Jasper, Indiana. Adapted from the story, "The Pied Piper of Hamlin Town," it is the original work of Father Theophane Gonnely, O.S.B., of St. Meinrad's Abbey, who was also producer and director of the program. Father Theophane is directing the seminary mixed choir in the absence of Father Rudolph who is studying music at New York City.

Several members of the abbey are in residence elsewhere pursuing higher studies. Father Rudolph Siedling, O.S.B. is studying music at New York City University. He is living at St. Columba's Church in New York City. Fathers Kenneth Wimsatt, O.S.B. and Simeon Daly, O.S.B. are studying theology at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Father Fabian Frieders, O.S.B., is also at the Catholic University studying biology. Father Donald Walpole, O.S.B. is beginning his second year of art studies at the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts. Brother Timothy Kennedy, O.S.B. is in his third year at the School of Art, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Fathers Harold Hammerstein and Guy Ferrari are continuing their studies at San Anselmo in Rome. Father Polycarp Sherwood, O.S.B., is back from his oriental studies in Syria and on the faculty of San Anselmo's.

Father Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., editor of the Grail, has been relieved of all his classes this school year to devote most of his time to preaching Marian retreats and missions in the dioceses of Indiana.

Father Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B., who last year was missioned as Hospital Chaplain at Florence, Colorado, is now acting pastor of St. Charles Church, Palm City, California, in the San Diego Diocese. His mother, Mrs. Anna Waldo, is residing with him as housekeeper. Recently Father Cornelius completed a new school.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed offering is in thanksgiving for a favor I requested, viz., that my son would make his Easter duty. H.C. (Pa.)

I am enclosing an offering promised to Brother Meinrad for publication for his answer to my prayer. The sudden relief from a troublesome heart ailment left no doubt of his intercession, for which I am very grateful. G.H. (Ind.)

It is with deepest thanks to Brother Meinrad that I can tell you of our new daughter born August 5th. She is a perfect little baby and I feel that during the months before her arrival and at the time of her birth, Brother Meinrad was beside me. W.L. (Florida)

A few days ago I prayed the novena prayer to Brother Meinrad for money to buy the necessities of life. I received a five dollar bill unexpectedly... M.S. (Mo.)

I wish to report a very great favor granted to me through a novena made to the Blessed Virgin and Brother Meinrad. On August 15, during the blessing before Communion I had a feeling of relief in my head and found that my hearing had been restored to normal. This was a very great favor because I have to work and it is necessary for me to hear to hold the position I now have. M.H. (Ind.)

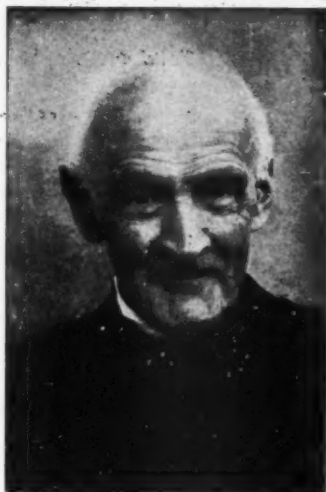
I heard from my sister of Br. Meinrad and prayed to him for financial assistance. My prayers were answered. I promised publication if my requests were granted. M.D. (N.J.)

We promised an offering if we sold our farm through Br. Meinrad. We soon had it sold. Also my daughter who was very sick has recovered. M.F. (Penna.)

My son found outdoor work to help improve his health. I promised the enclosed offering. A.B. (Minn.)

Please publish that my prayer was answered the first time I prayed to Brother Meinrad. A.S. (Mich.)

My prayers to and for Br. Meinrad Eugster have improved my physical condition very much. Thank God. W.H. (N.Y.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

A friend of mine sent me a picture of Brother Meinrad and several copies of The Grail wherein I learned of the many times Brother Meinrad came to the help of those who called on him for aid. Now I wish to publicly thank Brother Meinrad for coming quickly and sweetly to my help on two occasions. —My mother was awakened with a severe cramp in her leg and in trying to give her relief I placed the picture of Brother Meinrad on her leg and begged his intercession. Almost at once the pain ceased. At another time I begged his intercession and promised public thanksgiving because of a very sore throat which really had me worried. No sooner had I promised publication than the pain was relieved and the throat healed within the day. M.T. (Ill.)

I promised to have it published if my husband got well of a bad heart attack. He is very much better, and is back at work. Thanks to Brother Meinrad, to whom we attribute this recovery. (M.I., Pennsylvania)

My son was about to lose his contract in his business. I prayed to Brother Meinrad and everything came out all right. (L.J., Indiana)

Through the intercession of Br. Meinrad a favor I asked was granted. I promised publication. (P.S., Indiana)

Enclosed find an offering, which I promised to give in honor of Br. Meinrad for a favor received: the recovery of my sick sister. (H.R., Kansas)

I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving for favors granted through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. (N.N., Kansas)

Please publish my thanks to Br. Meinrad for help he granted me in financial difficulties. (E.E., Colorado)

Many thanks to Brother Meinrad for his help. Through his intercession I was relieved of pain. Through prayers to him I was freed from an obsessing fear and given peace of mind. (M.V.B., New Jersey)

Thanks to Brother Meinrad for favors received. (H.H., Wisconsin)

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THE MASS YEAR for 1949

Again this year we have the ORDO for Mass each day in English to be used with the Daily Roman or St. Andrew's Missals. The Meditations are on the Secrets of the Sundays and some Feast Days.

30¢ a copy 4 copies \$1.00
50 copies \$10.00



AND IT WAS CHRISTMAS 25¢

By Monsignor A. J. Sprigler

(Drawings by John W. Krupa)

This booklet is a beautiful tale of the first Christmas told in verse. Use these for special friends in place of a greeting card.

5 copies \$1.00. 100 copies with envelopes \$15.00



THE SHEPHERD BOY OF BETHLEHEM

Another gift-booklet by Mary Fabyan Windeatt containing a beautiful Christmas tale and very beautifully illustrated by Gedge Harmon. With envelopes.

25¢ each. 5 copies \$1.00
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